# THE COMMONWEAL

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# THE ARK AND THE DOVE

ON the face of it, history should be the most exact of all the sciences. It is obvious that whatever has happened, from the very earliest day of which record exists at all, can have happened one way, and one way only. This is as true of the most elaborate minutiae as of the great events which stand out as landmarks and to regard which as turning points and watersheds in the story of mankind, a general agreement has been reached.

As a matter of fact, nothing is so falsified, so colored with prejudice and the will to believe or disbelieve as the history of races and nations. Partly, of course, this is due to a lack of material, the dreaded hiatus which one finds recurring over and over again, often at the very conjunctures where the student is in most need of illumination. The need to make history a continuous narrative, no matter how obscure and patchy are its records, inevitably begets the speculative spirit in its narrators. Theory rushes in, as it were, to supply the vacuum created by the absence of fact.

As we approach the era where contemporary records accrue, the case is not very much better. Here the very multiplicity of material is the difficulty. The duty of the historian is no longer to pick his way from one disparate landmark to another. He has to blaze a trail through a positive tangle of misstatement and misrepresentation. The general impression that history, as it approaches our own day, swells to a crescendo of credibility, is not borne out by experience. The very naïveté of the earliest historians preserved them from deliberate deception. But no sooner does the contemporary historian become conscious of his function than the propagandist, even the forger, steps in. Two thousand years ago the greatest Thinker of all speculated upon what might happen to the world if the salt wherewith it was salted became corrupted. The feeling of the honest historian who finds the springs of history clouded and poisoned at their source partakes something of this divine sentiment of indignation.

Perhaps one of the most hopeful signs of our present confused epoch, in which so much that calls for indignation and despondency is mingled with so much that challenges admiration, is a new respect for honest and scientific history. The prejudice and passion that battened on the old partisan presentation of facts are things of the past with a growing number of students. Scepticism may have worked harm where dogmatic belief is concerned. But it is at least to its credit that its movement has been bi-lateral, and that, in its


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chosen function of demolishing facts unsupported by evidence that satisfies itself, it has uprooted many a fable that tangled the feet of the truth-seeker for generations—disinterred and restored to its proper perspective many an obscure fact that those who wrote history to flatter racial and religious vanity had been pleased to ignore.

One of the things that is fated inevitably to change as this new method of writing and judging history makes its way through the work of the scientific historian, often unknown and inaccessible, into text-books, school-manuals and finally into its right place in the national consciousness, is the history of our own country. If ever an opportunity seemed to present itself for a straightforward and impartial treatment, it was here. The story of our nation began in days when printed records had replaced legend and word-of-mouth tradition. It was comparatively meagre in its succession of events, but these events were of such dramatic intensity, and the eyes of the world were so riveted upon them, that hardly one escaped the attention of contemporary judgment and criticism. Yet it would not be over-stating the case to say that the net result of recording three centuries of human effort in the new world has been to present the world at large with a conception of the founding fathers that is intrinsically false and partial.

The result has come about, not so much through any conscious suppression of facts as from the emphasis that has been laid upon one or two aspects of the great settlement, to the detriment of others. The literature that has grown up around the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay pilgrims, the wealth of poetry, prose and oratory that has helped to enshrine their legend in the consciousness of the smallest child of school age, is all to the credit of the men and women who shared their blood and faith. The Pilgrim Fathers were bitterly opposed to very many things for which Catholicism stands. But no history of their brave attempt to establish a kingdom of God upon earth will ever be acceptable to the impartial Catholic historian which does not take into account the prejudices they shared with their generation, and for the sake of their honesty and bravery condone much that is harsh and unlovely in their story.

The duty of the said Catholic historian none the less, after due tribute has been paid by him to the Protestant elements in America's founding, is to strive, by every means in his power, to redress the injustice which has permitted figures no less heroic to suffer an eclipse which is not justified on grounds of their character and significance.

A happy coincidence brings it about that the celebration of the golden jubilee of the American Catholic Historical Society in 1934 will coincide with the tercentenary of Catholic Maryland. The coincidence offers a dramatic opportunity to impress upon the mind of the nation the debt it owes to Catholic effort from the very dawn of its history, and it is gratifying to know that the very alert and hard-working body which antedates the founding of the American Historical Society by some years, is not going to let it escape. At its annual meeting a couple of weeks ago, a movement was launched to spend the intervening years "to complete," in the words of Dr. Peter Guilday, its retiring president, "the collection of materials for the history of the Catholic Church in this country from 1634 to 1934, to engage the services of expert archivists and writers who would prepare the source materials for such a history, and to make more available the treasures we have gathered during the long years of our existence."

For years past, Father La Farge, S.J., ministering to his parishioners at the very place—the site of St. Mary's City—where the Jesuit fathers landed in 1634, has been urging American Catholics to take an interest in the subject of these English pioneers. Whatever form the Maryland celebrations take at Baltimore (and it is hard to believe that the enthusiasm of American Catholics will not finally develop them into some such historical pageant as that which a few years ago reconstituted the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth) one thing is certain. America at large will receive such an impression of the part played by Catholics in the founding of their country as will put the partial and incomplete story familiar to them into the discard where the new history is throwing so many false and misleading impressions, accepted thoughtlessly for so many years.

The unforgettable figure of the humane and single-minded English nobleman, upon whose imagination the vision dawned of a sanctuary in the new world, where the religious enmity that was turning Europe into a desert might cease—where, in the words of Mr. W. T. Russell, the historian of Maryland, "the persecuted for conscience' sake of every creed might find an end of persecution and a peaceful home"—where every man who would not insult the beliefs of his neighbor might "build a cabin he might call his home," and where the Catholic asked only the same tolerance he was ready to extend to Puritan, Prelatist, Quaker, and Jew, will take his place as the great historical portent he really is—immensely impressive by reason of his very sweetness and simplicity, and immensely significant because he was a herald, at least a century and a half in advance, of the spirit of religious freedom on which the republic has grown up, broad-based and unshakable by the winds of religious strife. The Ark and the Dove, fragile vessels in which Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore, carried the seed of tolerance to the new land, will take their place in the national legend beside the Mayflower, none the less—perhaps all the more imperishably because a century and a half was to pass while the ark floated on stormy and perilous waters, and before the dove found dry land on which to rest her gentle feet.

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## WEEK BY WEEK

THOUGH details of a practical character still hang fire, it is clear that the government has decided to attend the preliminary Armament Conference at Geneva. Obviously a resolution of absence would have been without foundation in reason. Whatever influence America can employ to reduce the military burden of less fortunately situated peoples should be placed at the disposal of the powers associated in the League. While the scope of the conference will probably widen to include matters of no immediate concern to this country, there will undoubtedly be some new and serious consideration of naval disarmament. And if we do discuss this problem under circumstances different from those which prevailed in Washington, no loss of prestige will be involved. Carefully chosen representatives would probably find themselves advantageously placed at Geneva, where the desire to interest us in the League—and in European affairs generally—will surely be strong. Mr. Coolidge has, to some extent, broken with a precedent in this decision to coöperate with organized Europe; but his action is clearly one to which no strings are attached. We may still view the more rigid media of affiliation with the League as dispassionately—or as passionately—as we please. Perhaps the resolve to send delegates to the Armament Conference weakens rather than strengthens the case for adherence to the World Court. Opportunities to coöperate lessen the need for copartnership. But the World Court, as congressional speeches indicate, is assuredly a flaming question—and the turmoil of debate will at least have convinced us of the proverbial relationship between smoke and fire.

OBVIOUSLY the middle-western farmer has made a gesture. The address at Chicago was Mr. Coolidge's way of stressing the valuable principle which is the gospel of his secretary of agriculture—coöperative marketing. It was a spirited address but it did not stabilize the price of corn. And that is what interests the farmer. As a result, the administration concession that some emergency measure will be recommended to Congress, "provided the farm groups can agree upon it," is a very natural change of front. What can be done remains to be seen. Just now the favored plan seems to be some form of Senator Capper's plea for legislation to dispose of the surplus crop through exporting subsidized by the government. In the nature of things, such a plan cannot be permanent. It ought, perhaps, to be discarded as soon as possible. The problem of how to coördinate the production and distribution of farm products cannot be solved with such machinery. Very likely this gap cannot be entirely closed; but the weakness of the standard Republican attitude toward it is clear. The protective tariff is the guarantee of industry; but there is mighty little in it for the farmer excepting tariff. He may well wonder why he is expected to find complete relief in coöperation, which has never sufficed for more powerful financial interests. His safety seems to lie in stimulating foreign commerce in raw produce. His demand is for federal aid towards attaining this safety. But it is unfortunate, to say the least, that no spokesman for the farmer has made a reliable survey of foreign markets or a plan which outlines in detail what can reasonably be expected of the government. This, in turn, is just another indication that coöperative methods have not been developed to a stature adequate to complex agricultural needs.

MR. HOOVER, having done everything within the power of his department, has summoned Congress to deal with the British grip on rubber. It is difficult to see for what earthly reason this problem should have been carried into the House. Perhaps rubber production is a matter of business; and if so, the only way to settle it is with the usual methods of competition and bargaining. Perhaps the circumstance that rubber growing was saved from collapse by the Stephenson Act renders its present status worthy of diplomatic attention; and if so, our ambassador is the proper person to examine the situation. Mr. Hoover professes to believe that one of the disastrous fruits of the war has been the creation of a number of monopolies protected by various governments and dangerous both to trade and to economic peace. If this be true, he seems to argue, why not see what can be done about it? Let the world arrange, for the benefit of all, unhampered trade in commodities of which the supply is limited. But very likely it will occur to the average American that a monopoly in money is the most stringent of all corners, and that Britain's successful conquest of

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rubber may be only one responsive step towards steadying exchange. We trust that the idea underlying the present flurry in Washington is not some grandiose attempt to obtain federal subsidies for imperialized American industries. All of us will hope, of course, that the masters of the tire manufactories will enter the field resolutely and beat the British at their own game. But the star of America is not imperial—not even imperial business. There are some victories the price of which is too high; and among these are such as harness a sovereign people to that kind of enterprise which breeds hostility and holds the menace of future wars.

IT is to be hoped that the statements attributed to United States Attorney Emory R. Buckner regarding the poisoning of alcohol by the government before its release for commercial purposes, and the terrible dangers to which the thoughtless of the community are subjecting themselves in consequence, are exaggerated; and that, in the interests of creating an inhibition in the popular mind that shall succeed where law has failed, the case against officials concerned with the administration of the dry law is made out blacker than it really is. For, on the face of facts as reported, what stands out is that a flagrant moral injustice is being perpetrated in the name of law. It becomes no longer a question of the Volstead Act nor of the duty of obedience. The case is carried at a bound from the legal into the moral realm, where the precept of charity rears itself sheer against the government's procedure. Had widespread notice of their intention, posted in every post-office and public building throughout the United States, appeared for, say a year, before the denaturing of alcohol was put into effect, the onus that rests upon the government for the 5,000 or 6,000 deaths which report totals, might be lightened. But the moral aspect of the case would remain unchanged. Put quite simply, blindness and death are too heavy a punishment to inflict for non-observance of the Volstead Act. Letters that are reaching the press show that the public conscience is stirred over the incident.

IT is always hard to draw a parallel that it is exact in every respect. But a letter to the New York Herald-Tribune suggests one that is pretty close, when it calls the procedure, as alleged, a "murderous man-trap." It is on a par with the practice, now universally condemned if not positively forbidden, of game-preserving landlords in Europe who set steel-toothed traps and spring-guns across the paths through their pheasant coverts. To the poaching peasant who found his legs caught in the jaws of the one, or his body peppered with the shot of the other, the answer might have been, and indeed, was made, that he was infringing a regulation that had the force of the law behind it, and that, by his action in entering upon the forbidden ground and ignoring the warning posted for his benefit, he had put himself beyond the law's protection. Such an answer would not stand for a moment today, for the simple reason that the public conscience has outgrown such a savage code of ethics, just as it outgrew the infliction of death by hanging or transportation beyond the seas for petty theft.

THE letter from which we have quoted rather understates the case when it calls the issue of denatured, i. e., poisoned, alcohol, "the most damning indictment of the prohibition law and the methods of its enforcement" we have had yet, and declares that "only a law of vital necessity" would justify such methods. However vital and beneficial the prohibition law may be, it is only one law among many. To take its punishment out of the hands of judge and jury, and to provide the capital penalty in advance, is a proceeding so unbelievable that we rather look for a reassuring statement that Mr. Buckner was misquoted, or at least, over-quoted. To believe anything else is to admit that panic and propaganda have power to pervert the official conscience.

IT may be said without fear of exaggeration that opera in English has come to stay—at least in Chicago. What ambitious young musician would not enjoy the experience which came to W. Franke Harling? To be kissed and hugged by emotional hundreds in the great lobby of the Auditorium Theatre is not everybody's good fortune. But really, such an opera as A Light from Saint Agnes calls for a modest demonstration. There are those who believe that the chief reason why opera singers exist is because they can swallow the whole scale, magnificently, at one gulp, despite the thundering orchestra. But the motive is probably a trifle more profound. It lies in the operatic triumph of the illusion of unreality. The stellar stage is the only place where one can be ridiculous seriously. Where is the sting of death if the moments immediately preceding can be spent in proclaiming the sad event during five minutes of ecstatic tremolo?

THE inveterately sensible have found consolation in the fact that the subject matter of opera was a mystery, the execution of which was glorious. Mr. Otto H. Kahn's warning has been—"Why spoil the show by telling it in plain English?" And therefore the triumph of A Light from Saint Agnes was so notable and outstanding. Written in obvious American, buoyed up by native tempos and the captivating saxophone, its story of the vicious Toinette, her crucifix and her bloody murder gave all the Chicagoans who could get into the lobby the thrill of their lives. Not even Wagner was so exuberantly kissed. Small wonder that Mr. Harling, who is a sober citizen, "retired to his hotel room." It was the only possible thing to do under the circumstances. But we trust he will issue forth again with new operas—and a coat of mail.

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AFTER all reservations as to the "dollar standard" have been made, it is eminently satisfactory to learn, from the figures just made public by the Propaganda at Rome, how generously the Catholic people of America have contributed from their abundance to the Church's mission in lands afar. The report shows that, out of a total of over 44,000,000 Italian lire received, 16,500,000 came from the United States. Nor do these figures tell more than a part of the story. In addition to the funds that have passed through Rome, close upon 26,000,000 of lire was contributed directly by the people of this country to the support of the foreign mission field. The impressive totals do more than reflect credit upon the open-handedness of a community which, from the very start, and from the circumstances under which the material fabric of its faith was reared, has been forced to take to heart the lesson of the widow's mite. Nothing can deprive the Church in America of the character impressed upon it from its beginnings of being in a very real sense the church of the poor. It is a tradition, in New York at least, that its great metropolitan cathedral and very many of its older churches were literally built with the dimes and nickels of working people. Wealth has swollen the volume of contribution. But it has never altered its character of conscientious, regular support.

QUITE as significant as the material help for which the Vicar of Christ now looks confidently westward, is a new mission which the American priesthood sees devolving upon it, gradually, but inevitably from the very nature of the changes that history brings in its train. Those who study the columns of the French Catholic press are becoming used to seeing article after article appear which all tell of a veritable crisis in the recruitment of the parochial clergy. It is not that the ardor for God's service is ebbing in the country which has done more to spread the faith abroad than any single nation. But the losses in personnel, due to the late war, have been appalling. The material difficulties which have followed upon the separation of Church and state press terribly hard upon an ecclesiastical organization which has yet to adjust itself to the new conditions. And the enemies of God are active and know how to take advantage of the situation. The recent congress held in France "Sur le Récrutement Sacerdotal," shows that patriotic and devout men and women there are alive to the situation, and that the new demands which it will entail upon the courage and self-sacrifice of the coming generation will not be made in vain. Meantime, however, the effect upon the foreign mission field so generously supplied until now from France, Belgium and Holland, is bound to be a sensible one. It is hard to see whence the urgent demands for soldiers of the Faith in the future shall be met if not from the country which already bears the banner for material contributions. A new era of apostolate seems to lie before the priests and religious of America, and the wonderful manifestations at Maryknoll and elsewhere show that they stand ready to meet it.

IT is a pleasure to note that Dr. S. Parks Cadman has made the office of president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ equal to the opportunity. Perhaps no Protestant clergyman during recent years has so frequently said the right thing in the right fashion. His pulpit in Brooklyn, became, with the help of radio, a platform toward which a very great many Americans turned for counsel and inspiration. One cannot doubt that under Dr. Cadman's leadership the Federal Council will attempt to end the bootless offensive that has latterly made so much of American Protestantism look like an angry and primitive mob. Indeed, the Indianapolis conference on "Good Will" was almost a forced march into war-infested territory; and Dr. Cadman's address gave form and impressiveness to ideas which have waited a long while for expression. "None of us," he said, "could be bigots if we read enough."

HISTORY—particularly the history of America—is an overwhelmingly effective argument against lowering one's head and rushing unreflectingly at one's neighbors. The method has been hard only on the heads. Above all, it has never influenced or saved souls. The difficult task of creating and preserving the American tradition of government could not have been carried on without the firm coöperation of diverse racial and social elements. Dr. Cadman summed up this truth, and outlined a moral for the future, when he said—"If Jews and Roman Catholics and Negroes were good enough to spill their blood in behalf of this nation in the Revolution, in the Civil War, in the Spanish American War, and in the recent world war, and to suffer and die for this country in its various times of peril, they are certainly good enough to share every right and privilege of citizenship in the American republic." This simple deduction does hit the nail on the head. And the hammer was in the right hands.

IT is fitting that the Franciscan centenary should find the literary world more than ever aware of the genius of the greatest poet ever to have been numbered among the friars. Jacopone da Todi, associated peculiarly enough with one hymn, the Stabat Mater, which he probably did not write, was Dante's contemporary and fellow immortal. More tumultuous and mystical, he was forgotten in the renaissance and the culture which followed it. Curiously enough, the twentieth century has found him again, in the tangled weave of his own time. New work in Italy, and particularly the recent German biography by Hermann Preindl, show us the man as he was—ecstatic, penitential, an extremist. The language and form of scholarly poetry as he learned to practise it when a young man cramped his flaming

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religious energy; and therefore he tossed them aside, building strange rhythms in the new Volgare, and framing insurgent canticles. Perhaps it was not unnatural that the first Holy Year, 1300, should have found him jailed for advocating stern reforms that might have wrecked the great order to which he belonged. We know that he lay in his gloomy dungeon, suffering in the body, but more deeply sick at heart because from his silent cell he could hear the praying pilgrims on their march to the city of the Popes. In the end, however, he was free in a remarkably unworldly way—free to make songs in which the eagle that he was, struck the bars of no cage, but rose in the mighty day of God. For our time, Jacopone da Todi is not merely a poet but a preacher as well, whose understanding of psychical darkness and experience of the coveted Divine peace stirs, refreshes and soothes.

HAZLITT once discoursed on the "silver moon" to a practical person, "to which his ear he seriously inclined, the more as it gave promise of a fine day for the morrow." There is some of this same contrast between poetry and business in the debate about Gothic which the Duc de Trevise and M. Demotte have recently staged for our benefit. Should beautiful —or quaint—old sculptures be uprooted from their surroundings and sold abroad at a handsome profit? M. Demotte, who is a very successful art dealer, argues that "commercialization has caused the discovery of things that would otherwise be lost," and offers instances of the rescue of cloistral columns embedded in barns, and of sarcophagi that had been used as cattle troughs. He is, of course, right as far as he goes; and not even Keats would have denied that money is a powerful probe and preservative. But one may question whether beauty that must die ought not to be decently interred rather than hideously embalmed—whether the débris of Gothic now scattered over Gotham and other cities of the plain should not have gone with the cloisters it once adorned and the radiance it once expressed.

## THE YEAR AS LABOR SEES IT

THE change in the calendar invites a summary of what the past four seasons have meant for the American labor movement. Because the number of those who live by their wages is proportionately so large, the summary calls up hopes, attempts and achievements of a very popular character. There is, to begin with, the anthracite strike—still unsettled, though to all appearance, approaching settlement—wasteful to both parties concerned as well as to the public, and apparently a significant struggle for mastery. The situation in the coal fields is, indeed, not without its ominous meaning for the worker who slowly and sacrificially has joined in union with his fellows. On the other hand, following the lead suggested by President Green, coöperative endeavor and the sharing of management have been developed in many places. The general public has expressed unqualified approval of these measures, and has observed with more than a little satisfaction the battles which have been won against the forces of insurgent communism.

Therefore, is not labor better off? The social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference answers in the affirmative, but stresses a serious difficulty, which it formulates as "the increased power of finance and company unionism in its various forms." Power has not been taken out of the hands of a small moneyed group: "while many persons own certificates in the companies which possess industry and trade, the ownership and, to a still greater extent, the control is centered in a very small number of persons . . . their opposition to the independent labor union organization is weighty and hard to overcome."

During the last year the development of company unions which has been growing during a decade, has reached an impressive stage. "The time has come," continues the press statement of the Conference, "when a workingman looks less and less to the independent ownership of a small business of his own. More of them realize that they will be employees of some large concern all their life, that their fate is tied up with the success of industry, and that their chance of attaining a degree of independence hinges upon their ability to hew out a place for themselves in the concern in which they are working." Therefore many workers are willing to accept the company organization, rather than the orthodox labor union, as the social group most advantageous to them.

On the other hand, labor leaders have been alert. They have modified the goals and methods accepted during the pre-war era. They have turned, continues the statement, "to the Baltimore and Ohio plan, through which they share in the management and offer the employers the increased efficiency that comes from using the ideas and zealous efforts of the men." Coöperative banks and union-managed insurance companies have appeared as a counterpart of the modern company system. "Labor has decided that if it wishes independence in industry, it must look to coöperative action, and that this must extend beyond the traditional sphere of collective bargaining into sharing in management and—it is recognized sometimes—even into sharing in ownership." The indication is that the first steps have been taken towards a new and significant era in the conduct of industrial life.

These conclusions, arrived at by a group of students in touch with affairs and devoted to ethical principle, deserve close attention from all citizens—especially those whose work is placed within the limits of industrial activity and whose hopes include the improvement of American life through the establishment of social and economic peace.

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# PEACE IN CHRIST'S KINGDOM

WITH the proclamation of a new Christian festival, which shall help to restore the vision of the Civitas Dei, Pope Pius XI has sent out pastoral counsel for the edification of the Church. "Edification" is used here because it also has a literal sense of building up, of reconstructing; and the new encyclical deals with the fundamentals of human society. Every species of government, every agreement which posits obedience, must rest upon authority. And what has happened to that in our time?

The dissolution of states is threatened by a myriad anarchies, each with its wild hope of gain by ending submission. International compacts, of which so much is expected at present, are dependent upon the very precarious exactions of public opinion. Most alarmingly the negation of law has been manifest in the family circle: the civil statutes, though clinging to the Christian mandates against polygamy and polyandry, have ignored the equally binding Christian command of indissoluble marital union; and as a result the world is a chaos of broken hearths, of children aloof from the discipline of moral education, and of criminals who might have been salvaged in their cradles. By what commission does our authority come to us? If force, then let us strengthen our armies, harden our courts, cry out for the superman, as Dr. Percy Stickney Grant called out for him from a presumably Christian pulpit a few days ago. If mere mutual agreement is the only basis of authority, then we must live in an eternal ebb and flow of new dispensations and altered pledges.

The successor of Christ's apostles speaks of authority in a different and more hopeful way. He rests it upon the only stone great enough to support it—the enduring cornerstone of Christ. Those who have carried it off and set it shaking upon the sands must bring it back again; for the "laicism" of authority is the unsettling of authority.

These may seem hard words, and many have interpreted them so. The modern world is likely to be proud of its compacts, which promise to establish peace and order on the basis of bargains recognized as sane and profitable. Locarno has won honor. We believe that post-war statesmen have tried to stave off from a rising generation the suicide of war. But soft and silken though all these bits of treaty paper may be, it is quite obvious that the ink with which they are inscribed is of the same color as that which sends troops across frontiers. It is the calligraphy of force. It is guaranteed indelible by military and economic statistics. And where are the people who believe in the permanence of statistics? Certainly the Church has kept too many of them in her archives to cherish futile illusions. Peace is interest; authority is capital. And if, after thousands of years during which the Christian effort to establish the Divine Kingdom has never flagged, however much it may have been impeded, it is still not clear that the principal of human society is literally its principle, then we have learned nothing from experience and are more blind than the antediluvians. The transcendent beauty of Christ's authority, as set forth by the Holy Father, lies in the effectiveness which it gives to charity. "If princes and legitimately elected magistrates, in fact, were convinced that they command not in their own right but by the mandate of the Divine King," declares the encyclical, "it is easy to understand what sacred use they could make of their authority. Their subjects, on the other hand, will not attempt to escape their commands when they recognize in them the image and authority of Christ, God and man. Besides, with the growth of the Kingdom of Christ men become more aware of the brotherhood which unites them, and this awareness decreases the danger of conflicts."

The vision of something more transcendent than the first dawn is created by the contemplation of these words. It is the vision of benignant coöperation, merging the purposes of the daily business scene in the eternal journey towards beatitude which, according to the constant teaching of the Church, can bring even earth's militant close to the final triumph. Of course the Papacy, which is heavy with the knowledge of what all the world does, hopes for no immediate realization of this ideal. Here there is set for us a mystical goal—the richest, most radiant objective that has ever been offered to the human race. We may remember that it was the topic for Augustine's highest and most passionate eloquence, and that it remained, at least relatively, the code of whatever was sacred in chivalry. But beyond all memory it is ours very practically—ours to grope towards in the darkness of the struggle for government, and the precious circle of the family fire. It is ours to hope by, to live by. It carries the benediction of a promise that our children may be happier tomorrow.

That there are several immediate ways in which the "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ" may be aided, could not be passed over in a letter of counsel by a father to his children. The Church must regain her freedom, not only under the civil authority, but also apart from the civil authority. There is no more desperate European need than that which calls in vain for spiritual leadership because the emissaries of religion have been banned. The Holy Father, whose reign has been distinguished by a series of conciliatory concordats with various powers, requests that all peoples recognize the fact that the only authority which can carry conviction must be inculcated by Christian teachers free to exercise their mission and reverenced by government as benignant factors in the development of civilization. As for the Papacy itself, the statement of its rights and their history adds nothing, subtracts nothing, from a controversy which has been clamoring for settlement during more than fifty turbulent and disastrous years.

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# ROME AND THE COMING COUNCIL

By L. J. S. WOOD

EVER since Pius XI made direct allusion to it in encyclical, Ubi arcano Dei of Christmas, 1922, there has been surmise here about the reopening of the Vatican Council. It has broken out from time to time in news items giving the date and occasionally probable subjects for discussion. What Pius XI said exactly was—"We do not for the moment go so far as directly to include in our program the reopening of the Oecumenical Council of the Vatican which the holy Pope Pius IX opened in the earliest memories of our youth, completing only a part of it though one of great moment. And the reason is, indeed, that we, like the illustrious leader of the Israelites, must wait, praying the while that the Lord may "grant us clear indication of His will." (Judges VI, 18). This passage, it is worth noticing, came at the end of an earnest and confident appeal to the bishops of the Church to keep ever in their minds, and help the Pope to bring about, the consummation of the Trilogy: "Restoration of all things in Christ," Pius X; "Peace of Reconciliation," Benedict XV; "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ," Pius XI.

It is true that from August, 1914, onward, and more particularly after November, 1918, thoughtful persons, especially such as remembered the appeal of the Protestant David Urquhart to Pius IX for a pronouncement by the Church through the Council of 1869, on what may be roughly called the Jus Gentium, the Law of Nations, had had a possible reopening of the Vatican Council in their minds. They were thinkers, however, not talkers; the tongues and pens of the latter were loosed by Pius XI himself at Christmas, 1922.

We have had many dates given us. The year 1925, of course, was seized on as a delightfully appropriate year. Would not all the bishops be here for the Jubilee? What could be more convenient? A Pope who at the present moment is forced to ask even cardinals to confine their audience time to ten minutes, working himself on an average seventeen hours a day, would find it quite convenient to get an oecumenical council into his spare moments, nor would anybody in particular be wanting, that year, to frequent the natural place for such meeting, Saint Peter's. Then we had 1926 given us, 1927, and now with great definiteness, 1928.

It is axiomatic here that consistory, date of it and names of cardinals to be, are matters so absolutely at the discretion of the Pope, whose judgment may be influenced by the turn of an event at any time, that it is wise for outsiders to refrain from pretense at omniscience. What is true of consistory is much more true of oecumenical council. What we have before us of certainty is Pius XI's desire to reopen the Vatican Council when he feels that he has received enlightenment. The writer does not pretend to be able to give the view of the Pope, the Cardinal Secretary of State or any high placed prelate; but it goes without saying that there are those here whose experience and judgment enable them to estimate possibilities. With the proviso that no one really knows anything—always expressed by such before they will begin the most informal conversation—one may sum up a prudent view of possibilities—1928, just possible perhaps, but very doubtful if it would give time for the necessary study and preparation; wiser to give another two years and say 1930—and that indeed, provided always that the project goes straight on, nothing intervenes to influence the Pope's judgment towards delay.

It was in 1864 that Pope Pius IX first asked the views of the cardinals in Rome; it was not until June, 1867, that he took advantage of the presence in Rome of many bishops for the Petrine centenary to speak to them, and twelve months later, June 19, 1868, the Bull of Publication, Aeterni Patris, came. Pius XI, it is understood, has asked the cardinals and also the bishops their views, first on the advisability of reopening the Vatican Council, secondly on matters they think worthy of consideration. That is as far as we have gone at present, except that experts here have got out and studied thoroughly all the records of the Council of 1869-70 and that the way is, to that extent, smoother than it was then, no council having been held since the long drawn-out Trent.

On the other hand, the Church has grown and developed enormously, in every way, in the intervening years. That is seen in the materially simple fact of there being now practically double the number of bishops there were then. In matter of bishops too, there has come about a noticeable change, in that the learning of the men of old days does not now suffice; the developments in the outside word have necessitated a new race of men, men of action, to guide the Church. In this aspect there will be a great difference between the assembly of 1869 and that to which we look forward.

A good ground of study for such as look forward to possibilities is found in the uncompleted portions of the program of 1869. And even here the possibilities are almost unlimited. Take that one heading—De Ecclesia Christi, the Church, its whole position, its component parts and their relations, its own relation to the world, to civil states for instance. Much of this was considered and some conclusions adopted, but through the inevitable centering of thought on the "infallibility" much was left over.

Among the considerations in General Congregation

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was that of the drawing up of a short catechism for the use of all Catholics. Here is a point on which in recent years there has been much expert study in preparation. Mr. McKeachen's invaluable work some years ago will be remembered. The program given him, the "unification of cathechetical teaching," has been modified for more recent study to that of the 1869 Council, the drawing up of a short catechism, and there should well be time for the results of the experts' work, already, it is believed, codified in a drafted Latin text, to be considered and submitted to the episcopate in council, if such a course should be deemed advisable.

Take another matter. Marian Theology is always under study, and the Catholic "man in the street" who hears of the possibility of the reopening of the Council is wondering if the Assumption will be proclaimed. He would like it—just because he loves Our Lady. The fathers and the Pope may say that inasmuch as all believe it and believe that all have believed it always, there is no need. The doubt and controversy that were set at rest by the declaration of the Immaculate Conception do not exist here. They might, on the other hand, think it wise, and there is no difficulty in tracing the immemorial tradition of the Church. To trace that immemorial belief on another matter one hears spoken of sometimes would need more study, the belief, that is, in the Madonna Mediatrice and all that the doctrine of such mediation may imply.

Another category of subjects has place in De Ecclesia Christi, appealing also to the consideration of the ordinary Catholic laity and indeed the outside world. Of some of these His Holiness spoke in the encyclical, and straightly, and has spoken since from time to time. Just as instance, the rights of the Church over the family and the school may be mentioned and, to go further, the big question of the Jus Gentium. But, as regards all these, while there is nothing to prevent their being considered by Pope and bishops in council and they may well be thought worthy of consideration and even pronouncement, the Church, the Holy Father, may consider and treat them in another way. On several of these subjects Pope Pius XI has recently urged study by learned experts and illumination by them of the minds of the faithful on the right solution of such urgent questions in the light of Catholic doctrine. That is an ordinary process, not leading necessarily to any conciliar procedure or ex Cathedra pronouncement, and its conclusion might well take the natural form, of which Pope Leo XIII's pontificate gave so many historic examples, of papal encyclical. On the matters contained in this category, the Jus Gentium is one instance where there is room for and there is taking place much study—study for which the Confoederatio recently proposed at Oxford with its office here might be a most useful intercommunicatory centre—on lines of history, canon law and even theology. Average opinion here would look for as an upshot, rather encyclical than conciliar pronouncement—if and when pronouncement comes.

# WHITHER, VAN LOON?

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

ONE has a great desire to be fair to Mr. Van Loon. It is the same desire which prompts us to return good for good, Mr. Van Loon, in his capacity as writer of popular history, having given us considerable pleasure. The Story of Mankind was a capital book, in that its author, having the whole canvas of time and the world to fill in, filled it with broad, graceful strokes, with humor and good humor, with a sovereign lightness, instead of sweating and straining and forever falling foul of institutions and individuals like his ponderous contemporary, Mr. H. G. Wells. At all events, Mr. Van Loon wrote authentic history for children and adult children, and both classes of reader have cause to be grateful to him. The Story of Mankind is a truly educational book. With The Story of the Bible one began to doubt. Here the advantage of popularization seemed less obvious. As in the case of all these modernizations and revised versions of what even atheists can fitly term Holy Writ, for the holy genius of art presided at its making, Mr. Van Loon's particular traduction seemed like the crackling of thorns under pots. But in his latest book, Tolerance,* much of which is to us profoundly exasperating, flashes of what we may call, without offense, the Van Loonatic style, are always bursting out in all their hilarious charm. Speaking of the early Greek chieftains, he is able to write—

"They were overgrown children who regarded life as one long, glorified rough-house, full of excitement and wrestling matches and running races and all the many things which we ourselves would dearly love to do if we were not forced to stick to the routine jobs which provide us with bread and bananas."

Naturally, Mr. Van Loon has some of the defects of his qualities. It is one thing to speak of the Greeks as regarding life as a rough-house. Other things being equal, it is a fairly correct description of their primitive state of mind. It is quite another thing to compare Socrates to a "colyumist." Here the sense of fitness is at fault. Whatever the sins of Socrates, he was a profoundly educated and civilized being who believed

**Tolerance, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.*

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in seeing every problem four-square, in going to the bottom of things. The creature to whom he is compared is usually an intellectually lazy fellow who, paid to translate editorial opinion into quotidian wit, pronounces pontifically on everything in heaven and on earth from the Pope to the Yankees. Such a comparison is worse than irreverent; it is inept.

There is another sort of ineptitude—the historical one. It should not be confused with the mere blunder of historic fact. No one can be so pedantic as to blame a non-Catholic historian if he makes an occasional slip, such as calling Luther a "Dominican" or the assassin of Henry of Navarre a "monk." The historical ineptitude belongs to another order of solecism. Speaking of Plato's Republic as an essay on intolerance, Mr. Van Loon observes that the philosopher's books "enjoyed great respect among scholars" in the wicked and bigoted middle-ages. Now Mr. Van Loon could have scored a big point for his nebulous cause had be observed just the opposite. Plato's books did not enjoy great respect in the middle-ages, for the excellent reason that they had been hardly so much as heard of. It was the Italian renaissance which rendered them fashionable to the great disgust of Pope Paul II, who persecuted several Platonic humanists at Rome. Not content with affirming that Plato was held in great respect during the middle-ages, Mr. Van Loon asserts, a little later, that Virgil was held in positive abomination during the same period. Far from being abominated in the middle-ages, Virgil, though "pagan, I regret to state," as Mr. Pecksniff said of the Sirens, was well-nigh canonized, and was extremely revered even by the man in the street for having foretold the virgin birth of our Lord.

Having taken these liberties with the names of Plato and Virgil, Mr. Van Loon advances blithely to a third and greater, and rewrites the story of Jesus Christ. His version is a very old story. We are all glad to hear for the twentieth time that Christ is an isolated figure, memorable chiefly for the Sermon on the Mount and a few kindred maxims, having nothing whatever to do with the Christian Church, as afterward developed. "He was killed before he was able to organize his disciples into a special sect," says Mr. Van Loon cheerfully, and the conclusion is that "it never apparently dawned on him that he might be the founder of a new religion." The truth is that Christians have very little to fear from Mr. Van Loon, considered as a higher critic. When you point out to him and his school that Christ in the Gospels is constantly displayed as providing for a future, a future church, they reply that the Gospels are full of corruptions and emendations. When you point out that the admired Sermon on the Mount is also in the corrupt and emendated Gospels, that the only authority we have that Christ ever lived at all is in the Gospels, they answer that the sermon is all right and belongs to the sublime sphere of morality, and that Gautama also preached on a mountain, as though one would expect Gautama to preach in a coal cellar.

When he comes to comparatively modern times, Mr. Van Loon throws off all restraint and allows his riotous fancy full play. We are told that Erasmus, Rabelais, Montaigne were all "open and avowed enemies of that institution which has taken upon itself the exclusive right of elevating ordinary human beings to certain celestial dignities." You literally rub your eyes in reading howlers of that sort. We are far from denying that all three were enemies, not very open or avowed either, of a certain spirit in the sixteenth-century Church, and Mr. Van Loon could have said so without committing himself to a downright prevarication which could be corrected by any child. Erasmus and Company disliked pedantry and auto-da-fés; ergo, Erasmus and Company despised the sacraments and disbelieved in God. I dislike cyclones; hence I am opposed to fresh air. Besides, the sentiment is false in fact as well as false in logic, since none of the three evinced any particular sympathy for the Protestant cause.

These are, after all, minor ineptitudes. It is only toward the middle of his book that Mr. Van Loon in a fine flourishing of rhetoric lets his big cat out of the bag, producing the following astounding statement—"When I reach the thirteenth century . . . the heretic ceases to be a mere dissenter . . . and becomes, instead, the champion of those ideas for which a certain carpenter from Nazareth went to his death, and behold, he stands revealed as the only true Christian!"

Get that! The heretic is the one true Christian. It is a little vague: there are heretics and heretics. What particular brand has Mr. Van Loon in mind? Note that he has just reached the thirteenth, the Catholic century par excellence. Obviously, the heretics in question are the Vaudois whom the Church let alone as long as they imitated Christ's poverty and only persecuted when they attacked His sacraments, and —the Albigensians. So, if we wish to know what Mr. Van Loon considers to be the one true Christian, we have only to study the latter interesting folk.

The Albigensians believed, rather like our own Puritans, that there were two gods, good and evil; that nature was irredeemably evil; that there were the unco' good, the perfect—and also the others; that the former should mortify and dishonor their flesh; that the race should die out. If this be Mr. Van Loon's conception of the perfect Christian, we are not surprised that he is so contemptuous of Christianity, but a little astonished that he blames the Pope for exterminating so unpleasant a sect.

And now we reach, thanks to Mr. Van Loon, a very curious and interesting point. We have long cherished the notion that this heresy of southern France, with its half conscious devil-worship and insane taboos, its teetotalism and liturgical indecency and hatred of sex, was the seed-ground of a later and, only apparently, different school of thought. Could it be that that

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famous "Gospel-light" was handed down by the old Manichees to Luther and Calvin, and then communicated by those saintly men to the New England Puritans and the Tennessee aboriginals and the devotees of the late Mr. Bryan? Did a heresy, manifested in earliest times as Manicheism, then as Albigensianism, finally appear—per saltum—as Protestantism? One would love to be confirmed in this theory by so profound an historical authority as Mr. Van Loon has proved to be, and on page 140 of Tolerance one has his reward. "The Albigenses were less fortunate . . . But three centuries later, in a slightly modified form, their doctrines were to crop up again, and propagated by a Saxon priest, Martin Luther, they were to cause the reform which was to break the monopoly of the papal super-state."

All is well then. Old Manes begot Wyclif, and Wyclif begot Luther, and Luther begot Calvin, and Calvin begot Puritanism, and Puritanism produced prohibition and the Dayton trial and Mr. Sumner and several other obvious blessings of our immediate environment. What is it that we do not owe, indeed, to Mr. Van Loon's "only true Christians"? As he himself says touchingly—"I am profoundly grateful that the Geneva of the sixteenth century existed." In the meantime, the poor, old, bigoted, retrograde Catholic Church remained in the background of progress, refusing to aid and as often as possible attempting to suppress this ultimate fruition of light.

Mr. Van Loon, naturally, does not admit all this in so many words, but he discloses something else extremely damaging about Protestantism, and does it in no uncertain terms. Protestantism (it seems) was responsible for the glorious war of 1914-1918, and for several other wars to boot. It is absolutely incontestable; Mr. Van Loon affirms it; and, we may add without further ambiguity, that we are heartily in agreement with him. "As far as I understand that movement, [the Reformation] it was primarily a manifestation of a new spirit . . . which came to be known as nationalism, and which was, therefore, the sworn enemy of that foreign super-state into which all Europe had been forced in the last five centuries."

Ah, that dreadful super-state! It is so much more unprogressive to live at peace under the anti-Christ of Rome, than that Anglican England should war against Catholic Spain, and Lutheran Prussia on Catholic France, and that the smoke of their mutual hates and torments should go up forever and forever! Have we not said that we owe all our contemporary blessings to Luther's immortal gesture and to the Gospel-light that dawned in Boleyn's eyes?

We have not written this notice, either to expose Mr. Van Loon's pretensions as a historian, or to expose the fitness of Protestantism as a religion for Christian men. Dropping all pretence at irony and the pedantic task of picking flaws in a man's thesis, we would only add that the final cause for all the confusions and illogicalities in such books as Tolerance, is that fundamental flaw of thinking—the illusion of progress. As Mr. Van Loon says—"We of the twentieth century, rightly or wrongly, believe in progress." Well, so much the worse for us, if we parade an ultimate agnosticism as shamelessly as does Mr. Van Loon. The intelligent man will demand, on the contrary—"Progress toward what?" "Toward the right to think," retorts Mr. Van Loon, "the right to say courageously—'Do we really know?' " and for this ultimate blessing, he adds, he "would give all the collected sonnets of Petrarca and the assembled works of Raffaelo." If this be Mr. Van Loon's conception of progress, it is, like his conception of "the one true Christian," pitiable and damnable. The right never to know, the right to wander comfortably and happily in the dark! Whatever were the errors and cruelties of the mediaeval Catholic, he at least spared himself Mr. Van Loon's conception of progress. The errors of the mediaeval epoch were at least pardonable because the intention was at once logical and pure. The error of Mr. Van Loon and his school is, that disclaiming to know any difference between truth and untruth, between right and wrong, they venture to proclaim in big books, packed with a hundred additional errors of plain fact, that, never on any occasion, by any conceivable miracle, could the Church possibly have been right.

## *For a Young Girl*

Softly and silently
Darkness came creeping;
Darkness stole over her
When she was sleeping.
Music fell from her,
Laughter was gone;
Darkness had made her
Quiet and wan.
Pallid and quietly,
Deep in her sleeping,
She faced the darkness
Without any weeping.
Singing was stilled
And the little round bell;
Darkness from darkness
She never could tell.

WILLIAM BERRY.

## *Madison Square*

The ring where yearlings stamped the straw
Is strown by ruin, end to end—
On the estrade where fist met jaw
Antiphlogistic rains descend.

Parquet that slid 'neath satined toes,
From hob-nails takes the city mud,
With—look! One spot the damps disclose
Brown—as of unrequited blood.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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# NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

## IV. THE GROWTH OF THE CULT

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

INTERIOR devotion to nationalism is expected of all persons, though here a little allowance can appropriately be made for human frailty. So long as public rites and ceremonies are decently observed, the hearts of the individual worshipers need not be too closely searched. Human beings doubtless differ from one another in the intensity of their religious feelings; and some, perhaps, are so abnormal as not to experience any religious emotion whatever. Besides, it has long been recognized, especially among Christians, that he who prays the loudest and beats his breast with greatest ostentation may be most lacking in true interior devotion. The ways of sceptics and doubters have been notoriously subtle, and it may be questioned whether Pharisees and whited sepulchres do not exist among the hordes of sincerely devout nationalists.

There can be no question, however, of the popular and compelling character of external nationalist worship. Blasphemy and sacrilege have always been treated by man as heinous crimes, and the modern man who allows a flitting mental doubt to find expression in jest or sneer, at the expense of the national cult, is eligible for mad-house or penitentiary.

The ritual of modern nationalism is simpler than that of certain other great historic religions, probably because sufficient time has not yet elapsed for its elaboration, but, considering its youthfulness, it is already fairly well developed. Nationalism's chief symbol of faith and central object of worship is the flag, and curious liturgical forms have been devised for "saluting" the flag, for "dipping" the flag, for "lowering" the flag, and for "hoisting" the flag. Men bare their heads when the flag passes by; and in praise of the flag, poets write odes and children sing hymns. In America young people are ranged in serried rows and required to recite daily, with hierophantic voice and ritualistic gesture, the mystical formula—"I pledge allegiance to our flag and to the country for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Everywhere, in all solemn feasts and fasts of nationalism, the flag is in evidence, and with it that other sacred thing, the national anthem. An acute literary critic in his purely secular capacity might be tempted to find fault with certain phrases in Rule Britannia, in Deutschland über Alles, or even in the Marseillaise; he might conceivably object, on literary grounds, to such a lame beginning as "Oh say, can you see?" But a national anthem is not a profane object and does not admit of textual criticism. It is holy. It is the Te Deum of the new dispensation; the worshipers stand when it is intoned, the military at "attention" and the male civilians with uncovered heads, all with external signs of veneration and respect.

Nationalism has its parades, processions, and pilgrimages. It has, moreover, its distinctive holy days, and just as the Christian Church took over some festivals from paganism, so the National State has borrowed freely from Christianity. In the United States, for example, the Fourth of July is a nationalist Christmas; Flag Day is substituted for Corpus Christi; and Decoration Day for the commemoration of All Souls of the faithful departed; whilst in place of the saints' days of the Christian calendar appear the birthdays of national saints and heroes, such as Washington and Lincoln. Nationalism also has its temples, and he who would find the places and the buildings that are held most dear and most sacred by the vast majority of Americans should seek not Christian cathedrals but Independence Hall in Philadelphia, Faneuil Hall in Boston, the shrines to General Lee in Lexington, and to General Grant in New York, and the city of Washington with its stately Capitol, its White House, its great monuments to Lincoln and Washington, and its adjacent Arlington and Mount Vernon.

Moderns, especially Americans, are inclined to regard the mediaeval veneration of images, icons, and relics as savoring of "superstition," but let them replace a statue of Saint George by a graven image of General George Washington, an icon of the Blessed Virgin Mary by a lithograph of the brave Molly Pitcher, and a relic of the Holy Cross by a tattered battle-flag, and they display a reverence which they deem beautiful and ennobling. If one calls to mind the images of national heroes with which every town is plentifully supplied and the icons of national fathers which adorn both the sumptuous clubs of the rich and the simple cottages of the poor, one can appreciate the basic religious appeal of modern nationalism. In 1915, when the old cracked Liberty Bell was transported from Philadelphia to the San Francisco Exposition, throngs of refined and lovely ladies met it at many a station on the long way and piously bestowed upon it their sweet kisses. By veneration of a national relic these ladies were expressing their religious sense and practicing the nationalist cult.

Every national state has a "theology," a more or less systematized body of official doctrines which have been deduced from the precepts of the "Fathers" and from the admonitions of the national scriptures and which reflect the "genius of the people" and constitute a guide to national behavior. In America, the canon of national holy scripture certainly includes the Dec-

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laration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine, and Lincoln's addresses, but here, as elsewhere, the canon is not yet definitive. There is even now an intense rivalry between two theological schools, that which supports the authenticity of the gospel according to Theodore Roosevelt and that which attributes inspiration to the epistles of Woodrow Wilson. Such rivalries, of course, can be but transient; and it is as probable as it is desirable that in the long run our doctors of sacred theology will arrive at a compromise and will then exercise their infallible authority by incorporating into the American canon both the Woodrownine epistles and the gospel of Theodore. Nationalism can easily survive, as other religions have survived, and even profit from, some little discrepancies and minor contradictions in Holy Writ. An opportunity for interpretation and higher criticism is a wonderfully golden opportunity for professed theologians.

From the theologians of nationalism proceed more or less learned works, say about the Constitution, or the Monroe Doctrine, or the Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln, which are commented upon and simplified by publicists and text-book compilers, and the writings of these gentlemen (and ladies) in turn are piously vulgarized by sentimental journalists and emotional orators. The upshot of the whole process is that a nationalist theology of the intellectuals becomes a nationalist mythology for the masses.

Nationalist mythology is not in every detail strictly accurate and literally true—no mythology ever is—but after all, its main purpose is didactic, "for example of life and instruction of manners," and didacticism need not depend slavishly upon historical or scientific fact. It demands and deserves the wider range of imagination and emotion. Take, for instance, almost any Fourth of July oration delivered in any year in any part of the United States, or almost any patriotic speech read into the Congressional Record and distributed gratis among the representatives' constituents, and you will find that objective truth and scientific detachment have been sacrificed to a more emotional appeal and a higher truth. It is not that patriotic orators and national congressmen set out to prevaricate or lie; as a rule they are upright and honorable men. What actually happens is that they are so convinced of the sacred truth of the nationalist teachings and myths which have been handed down to them and so inflamed with the desire to confirm the faith of the multitude that they unquestionably repeat any statement favorable to the cause and may go so far as to invent and spread a quite erroneous picture of the nation's past. In this way they contribute to the elaboration of a popular mythology and to its confusion with official nationalist theology.

What gives rise to popular myths about modern nationalism, as, for example, the myths associated with the American Revolution . . . is the same as what gave rise in the middle-ages to the Donation of Constantine and the "pseudo-Isidorian decretals." These mediaeval documents, supercilious and unsympathetic moderns have branded by the ugly name of "forgeries," but they are forgeries only in the sense that many nationalist writings and speeches of recent times are forgeries. Both have sprung from a lively faith and glowing imagination, and both have been justified on the common ground that they meet a contemporary need so perfectly that they must be true. They are products of piety, and how can piety be immoral? How can edification be untruthful? What really is of importance is that they are received by the masses on faith and are reverently embodied in the popular mythology.

The school-system of the national state is held to strict accountability for any lapse from the official theology or for any slur upon the popular mythology. Here and there a bold teacher or a tactless textbook writer may suggest an explanation of some episode in early national history not in full harmony with the nationalist faith; such a person, as is well established in these latter days, is liable to denunciation by some zealous patriotic society and to trial and degradation by an inquisitorial board of education—functioning as a kind of modern Dominican Order—and the offensive texts are put on a nationalist Index Librum Prohibitorum and thenceforth the civil arm may ban them from public libraries and burn them in public squares amid the plaudits of the faithful.

For there is a chronic fear among nationalists, as among most religious enthusiasts, that the masses are on the point of losing their faith, and a firm determination, therefore, that only such information should be imparted to them as will strengthen that faith and promote popular devotion to it. As the Committee on Studies and Textbooks of the public schools of New York City (consisting of principals and teachers) declared in their report of March 27, 1922—"The textbook must contain no statement in derogation or in disparagement of the achievements of American heroes. It must not question the sincerity of the aims and purposes of the founders of the republic or of those who have guided its destinies. . . . Everything essential [in discussing the American Revolution] is accomplished when it is made plain to the pupils: that the colonists had just grievances; that they rebelled because they could obtain no redress; that they were inspired by a fierce love of liberty; that they counted neither the cost nor the odds against them; that the dominating spirit of the Revolution is found in the words of Nathan Hale: 'I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.' "

Thus is it sought to keep the minds of the young pure and uncontaminated from knowledge of the full truth which, it is assumed, might weaken, if not destroy, the nationalist faith. For the preservation of the faith, the common people should be kept in ignorance. The

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argument has been imputed to mediaeval Christians less justifiably than to modern nationalists.

Human beings do not normally and willingly give their lives for economic gain. The supreme sacrifice is oftenest paid in behalf of an ideal and in response to the "religious sense." And perhaps the surest proof of the religious character of modern nationalism is the zeal with which all manner of its devotees have laid down their lives on battlefields of the last hundred years. At this very moment there are hundreds of thousands of little whitewashed crosses all over northern France, each bearing the simple black inscription "Mort pour la Patrie." Vastly more men perished in the recent four-years' war of the nations than in the four centuries of mediaeval Christian Crusades.

A faith that inspires the noblest sacrifices is apt to be intolerant in some of its manifestations, and the similarity in this respect between modern nationalism and mediaeval Christianity is striking. The mediaeval Christian was not the supremely intolerant person that prejudiced moderns imagine; he distinguished between various kinds of unbelievers and treated them accordingly; he was harsher to heretics than to infidels, pagans and Jews; he dealt more severely with the ignorant than with the learned, and more excitedly with the popular propagandist than with the closet philosopher. And so with the modern nationalist.

Toward pagans and infidels in their own distant homes—that is, toward inhabitants of foreign countries—our attitude varies all the way from amused interest or contempt, to dislike and fear and hatred; if we think our vital interests or our "national honor" to be threatened, we preach a crusade against them, but otherwise we tolerantly let them survive. Toward pagans and infidels in our midst—that is, toward unnaturalized immigrants—our attitude differs according as they are few or numerous. If they are few, we pity or despise them, but we do not directly persecute them; rather, we hope and work for their conversion to our faith, for their naturalization in our national state. On the other hand, if they are numerous, and especially if they are recalcitrant about conversion, we grow fearful, lament the failure of the "melting-pot," and erect social, or legislative, barriers against them.

Heretics are fellow countrymen who have lapsed from the pure faith and gospel—depraved beings who, having had the advantage of belonging to us and of experiencing our nationalism, have failed to appreciate it and have fallen into error or doubt. There are several gradations of national heresy. The outright traitor—the apostate who fights against us in our crusades—is the worst; he excites in us hatred and horror. If we catch him we put him to ignominious death; and if we don't catch him we use his name forever after as a by-word. In popular American thought Benedict Arnold has long since ceased to be human and has become a satanic spirit. The heretic who is a plain and simple pervert—that is, who lives abroad and takes out naturalization papers in a foreign country—is exceptional and can be merely despised and reproached; we assuage our wounded vanity by imagining that he did the wicked thing under compulsion or for financial profit.

But the most perplexing and troublesome kind of heretics are the crypto-heretics—the persons who are so indecorous in their external acts of devotion, so critical of the "Fathers" and "scriptures," or so indifferent to their patriotic obligations that they are suspected of harboring interior devotion to some other nationality—or, what is worse, to no nationality at all. These unfortunates in times of great excitement, as in our modern national crusades, we ferret out by methods which would astound a Torquemada or a Cotton Mather, and either banish or jail, often on the flimsiest evidence. In ordinary times, however, we allow crypto-heretics some freedom of physical movement and even a little liberty of speech and publication, provided, of course, that they are university professors or other "cranks," far removed from public life and without direct influence on the formation of public opinion.

But even in ordinary times, we must take cognizance of crypto-heretics who teach children or write for the masses; these are very dangerous, for they imperil the nationalist souls of the little ones; they may lawfully be penalized by the officials of the land, or they may be left to be handled beyond the law by ultra-patriotic private organizations, such as Black Hundreds or Fascisti or Ku Klux Klans.

"My country, right or wrong—my country!" Thus responds the faithful nationalist to the magisterial call of his religion, and thereby he intends nothing dubious or immoral. He is merely making a subtle distinction between governmental officials who may go wrong and a nation which, from the inherent nature of things, must ever be right. Indeed, to the national state are now popularly ascribed infallibility and impeccability. We moderns are prepared to grant that all our fellow countrymen may individually err in conduct and judgment; but we are loath to admit that our nation as a whole can make mistakes. We are willing to assail the policies and even the characters of some of our politicians; but we are estopped by the faith that is in us from doubting the providential guidance of our national state. This is the final mark of the religious nature of modern nationalism.

## *The Pine Tree*

Graceful, elated, O lyric pine tree!
Rearing thy delicate limbs 'neath the passionless gaze of the blue sky!
Ethereal pine tree!
In the masses of whose sombre hair
The star of evening hangs imprisoned like a rain-drop.

WILLIAM M. BAYNE.

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# THE ST. LOUIS PLAN

By ALPHONSE M. SCHWITALLA

HIS GRACE, the Archbishop of St. Louis, sometimes refers to his see as "the Rome of the United States." There may be a smile behind this remark, but its chief component is not so much the sense of humor as rather an appreciative contentment over things as they are. His Grace sees spire after spire springing into the skyline of St. Louis. He sees almost every vantage point of the city occupied by a Catholic institution. He sees one suburb after another spreading over the fields that were farmed but yesterday, all clustered around the cross of the Catholic chapel. His Grace's cathedral dominates every view of the city.

This material development of the Catholic institutions is paralleled by an educational development that might well merit further analysis. To survey the situation briefly, the well organized diocesan school system embraces not only the 202 parochial schools, a fair percentage of which are free, but also free high schools for girls and boys, each accommodating approximately eight hundred students. There is, moreover, a preparatory seminary with about one hundred and twenty-five students. The climax of the entire diocesan system is the far-famed Kenrick Seminary. Private Catholic institutions are no less numerous and prosperous.

For a city of its size and for its Catholic population, surely there can be found nowhere in the country a greater number of Catholic institutions of learning, of novitiates and motherhouses of religious orders, and of teachers' training schools for the sisters. More than ten houses of study and novitiates for orders of men, and fourteen for orders of women are to be found in St. Louis and its immediate confines. Over three thousand girls attend Catholic academies, and there are 2,500 students in the private Catholic high schools of the archdiocese.

The development of Catholic colleges is correspondingly great and complex. Several of the teaching orders of men and women conduct normal schools of approximately the rank of junior colleges, while others may well be considered fully equivalent to the standard senior college, except for the number of their students. There are, moreover, three senior colleges for women, and one junior college. Some of these institutions have already sought recognition by various standardizing agencies, and in several cases this has been given. This situation is one which many of the writers in the recent controversy carried on in the columns of The Commonweal and America have discussed, and which has been so widely deplored. Whatever may be our attitude towards the multitude of smaller colleges, however, the fact remains that the various sisterhoods have each had excellent reasons for establishing these several colleges.

That these colleges have proved themselves excellent training schools for religious training is a fact that cannot be questioned; and this being the case, it would seem that the future course of action should dictate a policy of conservation rather than of discouragement. To be sure, the difficulties of maintaining these schools are not slight. There is obviously a greater lack of funds where so many institutions call upon the already limited resources of the Catholic population. The difficulty of achieving the number of students required by the standardizing agencies before full recognition is given to a college, means a geographical extension of influence which itself is no small problem for religious who are necessarily limited in their freedom of action.

St. Louis University has for years past attempted to be helpful in the solution of many of these problems. For the girls' colleges, especially, as well as for some of the normal schools for nuns, a system has been devised securing the exchange of professors, and assistance has also been given in filling positions of greater or less importance in the executive and administrative forces of these colleges. The university has done this despite the stress of its own financial limitations, and has made the sacrifices for the sake of the greater cause. Most recently, these developments have taken more definite shape through the formation by the university of a School of Education, and through an extension of the facilities of the Graduate School, in both of which activities the needs of the teaching sisterhoods and of the women's colleges have been chiefly considered. For years, however, the university has struggled with the ambition to make itself more generally useful. Slowly the conviction was developed that some closer bond of relationship must be established. At last these hopes and plans have been realized.

On December 16, an organization meeting took place during which nine colleges of the archdiocese were merged to form the Corporate Colleges of St. Louis University—thus terminating negotiations which have been under way for the last six months.

In accordance with the terms of the agreement, the motives for the formation of such an organization are stated to be—the necessity for the coördination of all educational resources to meet the increasing complexities of modern education; the effective achievement of the common purpose through organized coöperation under a common leadership. Beneath these expressed motives, the Catholic reader will discover the desire for solidarity in Catholic educational

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endeavor, and will find expressed in these inadequate words the general hope of securing that unanimity of effort which will make most effective the struggles and strivings of so many zealous and apostolic souls in the cause of Catholic higher education. It is this phase of the new plan which is closest to the heart of our Archbishop. His Grace fully approves of the merger, and in his commendatory letter of October 2, he says that he sees "in the successful coördination of Catholic educational institutions an effective instrument for competition with the common enemy, the materialistic tendency of education so much in evidence in the world today."

According to the terms of the agreement, the corporate colleges "agree individually in their relations with St. Louis University and reciprocally among themselves to create a union or a 'merger' in a non-legal signification of the latter term," by which "the faculty members, students and courses of the corporate colleges become faculty members, students and courses of the university." The merger is founded and depends upon the good will of the signatories, and functions as mandatory only in matters of educational policy and standards. Accordingly, in drawing up the terms of the agreement, the most careful attention was paid to the desirability of safeguarding institutional autonomy, of preserving a healthful rivalry and of retaining in the corporate colleges the individual spirit of the various religious orders to which they belong. It is definitely stated that no financial control is contemplated in the merger.

Making clear the type of organization, Charles H. Cloud, S.J., the president of St. Louis University, called attention to the fact that partial precedents may be found in this country in the relation of Barnard College to Columbia University; and of Radcliffe College to Harvard University; but that the constituent college plan of the English and Canadian universities is a more adequate model of the organization which St. Louis University has achieved. Father Cloud pointed out that only recently Professor Leon Richardson of the University of California, in his report to the president of Dartmouth College, made the recommendation that the English type of federated university be introduced into the American university system.

Father Cloud stated further that "the organization which we are contemplating is essentially that of the states of the union. These are conceived as sovereign powers, and delegate such authority as is necessary for the policies of the union to the federal authorities. Similarly, the individual corporate colleges retain their sovereign autonomy excepting in so far as they, by mutual agreement, willingly delegate to the university such authority as is necessary in the interests of the merger."

The corporate colleges of St. Louis University will be governed by the university through an administrative board, on which will sit the Archbishop of St. Louis or his representative, the president of the university or his representative, and two representatives from each of the signatory institutions—one representing the administrative, the other the educational function of each institution. In accordance with the terms of the agreement, the university will place its educational resources to the fullest feasible extent, at the disposal of its corporate colleges; the staffs of the corporate colleges will receive the privileges of university appointment; the courses will be harmonized and standardized, and degrees will be conferred conjointly from the corporate colleges and the university, subject to such limitations as may be determined upon hereafter. The colleges which have signed the agreement are the following—

Chaminade College, a school for boys, which includes the normal school of the Brothers of Mary, Maryhurst, at Kirkwood, Missouri; Fontbonne College, a college for women, conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph; College of the Sacred Heart at Maryville, a college for women, conducted by the religious of the Sacred Heart; Notre Dame Junior College, the normal school of the School Sisters de Notre Dame in St. Louis; Saint Mary's Junior College, the normal school of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, O'Fallon, Missouri; Saint Mary's Seminary, the scholasticate of the Congregation of the Missions, Perryville, Missouri; Visitation Junior College, a college for women, conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation; Webster College, a college for women conducted by the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, Webster Groves, Missouri; and the college of Arts and Sciences of St. Louis University.

Obviously in this new organization, the responsibility for the development of standardized courses in the corporate colleges is placed upon St. Louis University. The university itself, therefore, will be held accountable by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools for its faithfulness and effectiveness in carrying out the standards which have been universally adopted for accredited schools in the Middle-West.

The general plan already has been approved tentatively by a committee appointed under the authority of the president of the commission on institutions of higher learning of the North Central Association. This committee, composed of President E. C. Elliott, Purdue University, chairman; President R. M. Hughes, Miami University, secretary; and Professor J. D. Elliff, University of Missouri, met representatives of the university on October 17, 1925. In its report, the committee states that it "favors action on the part of the North Central Association whereby the association will express its confidence in St. Louis University to carry out through the administrative board of the corporate colleges the conditions of the merger." Moreover, the committee indorsed "the at-

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titude of the corporate colleges which have agreed to unify their educational leadership." The character of the organization just outlined seems to meet as effectively as can well be done under the conditions existing in St. Louis, the countless difficulties in the progress of Catholic higher education which have been spoken of in the correspondence published during recent months in our Catholic papers. In fact, while the negotiations for the perfecting of this plan were in progress, it was remarkable to note how frequently the writers of communications came close to the essentials of the new development in their suggestions for change and reform.

That those who have formed the merger are actuated by one motive, that of advancing the cause of Catholic higher education, is too obvious to need restatement.

They hope that they may have created an agency which will enable each one of the corporate colleges to promote with an ever increasing degree of efficiency, the greater glory of God and the spiritual welfare of souls, which, in the work of Catholic education, are so closely bound up with educational progress.

# DOWNSIDE ABBEY

By HENRY C. WATTS

IN THE midst of the green fields of Somerset stands today the most beautiful, the most vitally alive thing in England—the abbey and church of Downside, whose glorious nave was recently dedicated by Cardinal Bourne with stately ceremonies such as England, even in the ages of faith, could have seen only rarely.

Not even Buckfast, whose abbey and church, built by the patient labor of the monks themselves, rise on the site of those very walls of which not one stone was left standing on another, bears quite the same significance of resurrection from death, as does the entirely modern abbey church of Downside, which is hailed as one of the finest examples of modern Gothic art in all Europe.

There are no special hardships in the way of a pilgrimage to Downside. The train takes you from Bath, or Bristol, or London, as the case may be, and from one or other of the nearby stations, a motor will put you down at the abbey gates. But if Downside is to be looked upon and thought of as something very much more than a beautiful Roman Catholic church, then that pilgrimage should be made by road—along the great highway that runs from London through Winchester and Salisbury, out to the West country. This is the Valley of the Dry Bones, the way of the ruins; and at the end all these dead things that have been passed are come to life. English Catholicism and the monks of St. Benedict strew the way with their ruins, destroyed beyond all hope of recovery; and then, at the journey's end there blossoms this wonderful thing of living beauty in the fields of Somerset.

As the westward journey begins, away to the right lies Reading. Of its once vast and powerful abbey all that remains is the gatehouse, before whose doors Abbot Hugh Cook was hanged in derision. The road passes through Winchester, whose choir was served by the Benedictines ever since they were installed in the time of St. Dunstan. The royal prelate, Cardinal Beaufort, who kept the keys of St. Joan's prison, lies within the cathedral, where the old worship is displaced by the Anglican liturgy. Farther west still, is Salisbury, the most perfect work of art ever wrought by a small nation; and the mother church of what the mediaeval Catholics called the illustrious use of Sarum English Protestantism reigns. The next stage is Downside, though if the approach is made by way of Wells, you will pass the spacious, ivy-covered ruins, all that is left of Glastonbury, whose abbot was ignominiously hanged on a hill-top within the boundaries of his own abbey.

To approach Downside this way is to learn something of the ruthless measures taken to destroy not only Catholicism, but the English Benedictine monks in particular. But these husks and these ruins are not the end of the tale. The end is Downside, living and beautiful. The monks were at Vespers by the time I got to the abbey church, and the sound of the organ outside lent itself very pleasantly to the mood of a summer evening. As I entered the church the monastic choir was singing the verse Redemptionem misit populo suo, and I understood the significance of Downside for England.

For the existence of the abbey, and of the flourishing monastic life which it enshrines, are the outcome of an incident that took place in the fetid air of a London prison in November, 1607, when a little, old man in his ninetieth year, broken with suffering and almost blind with the rigours of forty years spent in prison, conferred the monastic succession on two young English priests in his dungeon. It was the act whereby Dom Sigebert Buckley, sole survivor of the monks of Westminster, perpetuated the English Benedictine congregation, vested in him as the last of a long line of monks going back to St. Augustine himself.

Even in the golden age of Catholicism in England, it is possible that the English Benedictine monks seldom, perhaps never, took part in a ceremonial identical in every detail with that of the recent dedication of the abbey nave. Not that a cardinal was an unknown guest in their monasteries; but it must have been very rare indeed for a Benedictine abbey to receive a cardi-

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nal as one of its own sons, as Downside did when its monks escorted Cardinal Gasquet to his throne in the monastic choir. The monks assisted in the pontifical Mass celebrated by Cardinal Bourne, and monks were in attendance at the throne of Cardinal Gasquet.

Downside follows generally the lines of the mediaeval cathedrals and abbeys in England, in that it is not the work of a single designer, though its general style is the Gothic. The beginnings of the abbey church go back fifty years, when the first portion, the transepts, were built. The crossing, or lantern, is held up by four massive columns. A large rose window lights the north transept; at the south transept there is a massive tower, which, although it rises to a height of 132 feet, remains unfinished. Compared with the simplicity of the rest of the abbey church, the transept, though imposing in its breadth and proportions, appears to be florid.

Other portions of what was ultimately to become a vast abbey church were added by degrees. The fine Lady chapel which, as is common in England, lies behind the high altar, shows its columns through the three arches that form the eastern end of the choir. A cluster of chapels, some of them remarkably beautiful with fine tracery work, radiates from the apsidal east end. The choir comes later—it was completed in 1905, the design of that famous church builder, Thomas Garner, its seven bays giving the tone to the whole.

This much of Downside was completed when the brilliant Catholic architect and Royal Academician, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was called in to design the nave, which is Downside's war memorial to its 110 old students who fell in the war. The choice of architect was a happy one; for the designer of Downside's nave is the creator also of the wonderful cathedral which the Anglicans have built at Liverpool—a stupendous work of genius that gained for its creator the honor of knighthood.

As it stands at present, Downside Abbey is not entirely complete: two more bays remain to be added to the nave, thus bringing the number up to eleven, and the ceremonial west front is yet to come, with its great western doors, which form an essential feature in many stately ecclesiastical functions. But with its nine bays, the nave is sufficiently complete to give to the abbey church a sense of finality.

Austerity is, perhaps, the dominant note of this beautiful abbey church, whose length of 335 feet entitles it to rank with the greater churches of England, whether modern or pre-Reformation. Although designed to harmonize with the choir, the nave offers a certain amount of contrast. For when Garner built his choir he made provision for lofty clerestory windows, which let in a flood of light upon the stalls and the high altar.

This feature is not so prominent in the nave, which flings its tall stately columns up to the stone-vaulted roof. The clerestory windows have less length than those of the choir, but the expanse of wall is broken by the arches of the triforium that passes along the sides of the central aisle of the nave below the clerestory.

For the rest, Downside Abbey lacks the massive screen of stone or oak, which in the pre-Reformation abbey churches separates the monastic choir from the rest of the church. This may be to come; its position is indicated by a rood-beam hanging from the roof.

As an architectural achievement, Downside Abbey is a work of art of which any nation might justifiably feel proud. The English secular press has been lavish in its praises, as it was lavish in its praise of Buckfast. But it is as important as a sign of vitality as it is as a sign of beauty. The crushing blow to the English monks, which should exterminate them for ever, was thought to have been given in these Somerset fields, when Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury was hanged ignominiously on his own abbatial domain, and glorious Glastonbury was leveled with the ground. Downside answers the ferocious challenge flung down at Westminster.

In Somerset the greatest of all English monastic prelates was dragged from his cloister and hanged as a felon. Yet, such is the amazing vitality of the Church and its monks, that the same shire that saw the destruction of Glastonbury sees the building of Downside. A Somerset abbot was hanged from the gallows on Tor Hill, and today a Somerset abbot revisits his monastic home as a cardinal of the Catholic Church. And for these and many other kindred reasons, Downside stands for something much more significant than the completion of a very beautiful Catholic Church.

## *Ad Matrem, in Caelis*

I can remember flowers at your hand,
  Summer and autumn, spring,
Nor less when winter in our northern land
  Forbade your bird to sing,
    Geraniums in the dining room
    For you would bloom.

Dear heart, in gardens of the ever fair
  Sweet summer of the saints
I know you walk, unchanged, in a gentle air
  Where the breath of roses faints,
    And no eyes are happier than your eyes
    In Paradise.

And if beside you walk two saints of God,
  I know what saints they are—
Lover of birds and bees and bloom, who trod
  Umbria, afar,
    And the sweetest bud of time's last hour—
    The Little Flower.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## NATIONALISM AS A RELIGION

TO the Editor:—Carlton J. H. Hayes, in the first article of the series, Nationalism as a Religion, makes the following statement—

"Christianity did not represent a clean break with the past; it preserved much of the antique doctrine and practice of Judaism; and simultaneously it borrowed for its cult and theology many elements from pagan and Gentile religions. Christianity was a syncretic religion, as had been Graeco-Roman paganism before it. It was different from paganism not so much in its component elements as in its combinations, emphases and effects."

Catholicism, which is historical Christianity, is the complement of Judaism. "In the Old Testament, the New lies hidden, in the New Testament, the Old is made manifest." (Saint Augustine. De Catechiz. rud. iv. 8). "The end of the Law was Christ," but when Christ founded His religion, accepting from Judaism only what was of permanent value, there was in essentials a clean break with the past. Otherwise, how explain the persecution of His disciples by the Jews and the abandonment of Temple worship and Sabbath observance by the Christians?

Instead of the narrow, material kingdom expected by the Jews of His day, Christ built a universal commonwealth of souls; for the external practices of the Pharisees, He substituted "the weightier things of the Law;" and, finally, to the dogmatic content of Judaism he added the notions of the Trinity, Incarnation, Redemption, Justification by faith and good works, etc. To the Jewish convert, the words of Saint Paul could be aptly applied—"If then any be in Christ—a new creature, the old things are passed away. Lo, all things are made new."

Again, Catholicism is neither a development from nor a synthesis of pagan and Jewish elements. Its cult and theology were neither wholly nor partially borrowed from paganism under the influence of man's religious sense but were revealed by God. Its component elements existed at the time of the Apostles and no contact with Graeco-Roman civilization altered this original deposit of faith. Its dogma, morals and worship differed radically and essentially from contemporary paganism in everything except what was left of primitive Revelation or borrowed from Judaism, or in the case of ethics, had been established on a rational basis by thinkers.

Christianity was not partial to the cult and theology of paganism. The Apostle of the Gentiles anathematized any one who taught doctrines foreign to the mind of Christ and forbade participation in pagan worship. If Saint Paul and Saint John cast their teaching in the mold of contemporary Greek language, it was because it was the best vehicle to reach the educated mind. Nor is Christian worship indebted to Mithraism. If it was, how explain the unrelenting opposition of Julian, the devotee of Mithra, and the fierce persecution of Christianity in Persia, the home of Mithraism?

Contact with pagan thought and heresy born of false philosophy was the providential occasion of clearer definitions of dogma, but long before heresies appeared, Scripture and early tradition point to an organized Church with a very definite creed and cult, poles apart from Graeco-Roman paganism. This organized Church, "yesterday, today, the same forever," has "no other foundation than that which is laid, Christ Jesus."

C. E. DOUGHERTY.

## PROFESSOR HAYES REPLIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Let me assure C. E. Dougherty that he has misinterpreted my thought. I certainly did not say that Christianity was merely a development from, or a synthesis of pagan and Jewish elements. I did not mean to say—or to imply—that Christianity was not different from paganism. I really did say that Christianity was different from paganism (not so much in one way as in another). As a matter of fact, I think that Christianity was and is radically different from paganism. For instance, I personally believe that Christianity (that is, Catholicism) is a divinely revealed, and therefore true, religion, whilst I hold that paganism was a false development —a corruption, if you like—of natural religion.

As an historian, however, I cannot accept the contention that Catholicism's "cult and theology were neither wholly nor partially borrowed from paganism." To me, it seems quite possible that the form of Catholic theology might have been different if there had been no pagan Aristotle and that Christmas might have been celebrated on another day had there not been a Mithraic feast on December 25. If space and relevancy permitted, I could cite passages galore in the Catholic Encyclopedia and from many saints and doctors of the Church in support of my original statement that "Christianity was a syncretic religion."

It is my own opinion that just as Christianity borrowed certain forms from Judaism and paganism, so nationalism has borrowed from Christianity. This is not to say that nationalism is to be identified with Christianity any more than that Christianity is one with Judaism or paganism. What is common to them all—and this is the main thesis which my series of articles endeavors to set forth—is a response to the religious sense of man. If C. E. Dougherty will kindly and patiently bear with me to the end of the series, he will find that I hold nationalism to be a religion, a religion which has borrowed from Christianity, but a false religion for all that, as false as paganism. *Le nationalisme, violá l'ennemi.*

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

## RHYTHM, REASON AND RHYME

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of December 23, Mr. Gray crosses swords with me over my assertion that to a perfect poem rhythm, rhyme and reason are all essential, by asserting that this definition of poetry (if such it is) would exclude the Hymn of Creation, Paradise Lost, Evangeline, etc. What if it does?

Mr. Gray's statement that rhyme was unknown in England until 1325, when it was borrowed from the French, serves only to confirm the fact, well known, that England had little literature of its own until Chaucer became its father in 1400. In borrowing rhyme from France, the English simply borrowed from those who had it. Chaucer, Spenser and the later poets used rhyme. While Shakespeare is admitted to be the greatest dramatist, Dante is the poet par excellence, and his terzina rhyme is more than notable.

The whole question rests on the classification of literature. If, metaphorically, literature has genus and species, it will be easy to classify everything under the two main divisions of prose and verse; but verse would have to be divided into poetry,

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metred blank verse, etc., and a perfect poem, as I contended, would have to have that attribute of rhyme that blank verse lacks. This is not saying that blank verse and prose may not have their perfections also, but simply that they are not poetry in the strict meaning of the term; if they are, why call one prose and the other blank verse? Poetry and blank verse are distinct species of verse. Hymns might come under either of these species of verse. Psalms, if I understand their character aright, would more naturally fall under measured prose—only in rare cases under verse.

As a result of this discussion, my chief hope is that someone with the necessary breadth of vision and literary knowledge, who is able and willing to go outside the well-beaten paths, may give us a classification that really is one.

J. A. Morrow.

## ROMAN PRIMACY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Dom Lambert Beaudwin, O.S.B., in the course of a recent essay on the Vatican Council in its effects on Church Union, offers several interesting observations pertinent to current discussion in non-Catholic publications. ". . . The schema of the theologians on the constitution of the Church comprised twelve chapters covering successively the essential points of Catholic ecclesiology. Chapter XI, which alone was concerned with the doctrine of Primacy of the Roman Pontiff, served as a basis for the definition.

"So threatening had the political situation become, in Europe, that the eventuality of suspension of the Council was forced into prominence. It was decided to examine Chapter XI first, and when this labor terminated in the fourth session with the dogmatic definition on the Roman Primacy, the Franco-Prussian war was on, and the Council suspended.

"Thus, the definition, viewed as a dogmatic exposition of the constitution of the Church is fragmentary and incomplete: it presents to us only one essential element of ecclesiastical organization, and it says nothing at all on the other fundamental notions set forth in the program of the theologians.

"This is a point which has not been brought out with sufficient clearness and emphasis by authors of manuals, nor by preachers and catechists. The Roman Primacy has been allowed to appear as the total or sum of the constitution of the Church, whence arise disproportionate concepts in Christian minds which may well have astonished our separated brothers, and suggested to them conclusions deducible from appearances but not from the real facts. To dispel such misunderstandings, it would have been enough to allude to the schema of the theologians, or to resume the sessions of the Council. Then would have reappeared those harmonious proportions and that wise balance which a unilateral exposition has forced, temporarily, into eclipse.

"Unfortunately these documents are little known, . . . the text of the Vatican Council, stripped of its historical commentary and torn from its context, presented as a whole and complete, instead of as a single chapter in an exposition which should comprise twelve, may well offer ground for reproach, just the sort of reproach we do hear, as of a church wherein all authority is concentrated in the conscience of one person, as of a last rise of Roman imperialism, etc.

". . . In the one great universal Church each diocese is a church, a living cell of the whole body. Many of us are too prone to think of a bishop as of a provincial governor in an empire—a grave error, for such civic worthies represent a central authority and exercise but delegated powers. There is nothing like this in the authority of a bishop; if he is, in a sense, under the Bishop of Rome, he is by no means his representative or delegate; he represents not the Pope, but Christ Himself; a bishop is not an apostolic delegate nor a nuncio; his ordinary powers attach to a function of a divine, not of a human institution. These truths are essential to the constitution of the Church; they were to be defined at the Vatican Council in the same rank as the Roman Primacy; the schema is witness thereof."

William Franklin Sands.

## "SURSUM CORDA"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I would like to add a heartfelt endorsement to the article in The Commonweal of December 30, entitled, The Liturgical Movement. The difficulty in securing any interest, let alone acquiescence in the great subject, is appalling, and the difficulties raised by Catholics themselves are discouraging.

Interest in the liturgy is not encouraged, excepting in rare instances. We do not know the prayers, we do not know the Collects, and in many instances we do not read the Gospels and the psalms. As a Congregationalist of tender years, I was taught psalms and hymns as regularly as I was fed, on Sundays. I had not the chance to know the glorious inspiration of the Collects (which today nephews and nieces in Episcopal schools are taught—but not Catholics) but I can still feel the catching of the breath when we recited—

"They stand, those walls of Zion, conjubilant with song—
And bright with many an angel and all the martyr throng."

That I know is not liturgy, but it is part of our priceless Catholic literature.

I have heard the great hymns of the Church sung both during and following the Mass in little Italian hill-towns—and in France—but never here. I hope others have had more fortunate experience. I suppose the priests teach them in Latin countries and the peasants grow up with the inheritance. I have taught Italians for a number of years—truly "Catechism"—for their knowledge is limited to God, the Trinity, heaven, hell, the sacraments and the Ten Commandments. This is much to know, of course, but the scant teaching that one is able to do, and which stops after their Confirmation at the latest, does not seem an equipment to make valiant defenders of the Faith. They would be learning more and better had they stayed in Italy. Their mothers know more, and their grandmothers infinitely more. And some of us would be glad of the chance to teach them more. It wouldn't hurt them to know the great Collects, and some psalms; and they could sing the hymns for Benediction as well and better than some of their elders. The Adeste Fidelis stirs them just as much as it does their elders. And after all, those are only the beginnings. It is often appalling to think how much more people knew in the ages when they never knew how to read and write. It would be interesting to try and recreate the Age of Faith. As the author of the article in The Commonweal said—"Sursum Corda."

Let us hope for a better day.

J. T.

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# THE PLAY

## *The Russian Players*

WHAT the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio has brought to America is what the American stage needs more than anything else—the spirit and the expression of really first-class repertory theatre acting. Even more than in the case of the Russian actors of two seasons past, who so remarkably rendered the plays of Checkov and other dramatists, the present group, applying much the same methods as their predecessors to the rendition of travesties and light operas, prove that Russia, even in the turmoil of its revolution, has been able to accomplish more in dramatic art—at any rate, in the interpretation of dramatic art—than possibly any other country. Even those to whom the briskly rendered dialogue has no more meaning than a conversation in Chinese, cannot fail to recognize the marvelous perfection, individually and collectively, of these players.

The plays themselves are not particularly interesting, certainly not to those who do not understand Russian. The emphasis on psychological subtleties in the midst of light opera does not seem artistically congruous. The singing of the principals is far from good, although the choral effects are excellent. Whether or not the ambitious ideas of the Moscow group concerning the synthesis of music and drama are realizable is still an unanswered question. But there can be no doubting the fact that the Moscow Art Theatre has been able to bring together scores of men and women who are players, actors and actresses, first, last, and all the time. They accustom themselves to playing anything that they attempt as musicians play the score of a symphony, all contributing to a general effect; only, unlike the musicians, they pass from solo parts to the mere accompaniment of others, as parts of a mob or a chorus, with equal devotion and equal skill. The creative playrights of America, such men as Eugene O'Neill, for example, are at present inspired by one of the most forceful and interesting movements that the American theatre has ever known. But their efforts are terribly handicapped by the general inadequacy of the men and women to whom they must assign parts in their plays. Unfortunately, New York is afflicted today with a horde of men and women whose words cannot be understood five rows from the footlights, who are worse than suburban amateurs because they lack the interest and the enthusiasm of the amateur. Clumsy gestures, ridiculous makeup, personal idiosyncracies exaggerated apparently with the notion that they may attract attention and lead to stardom, the almost total absence of any sense of coöperation one with another, and the consequent absence of the atmosphere of illusion, of the magic of art, these are the afflictions forced upon the playgoers up and down Broadway.

It is generally understood that some millionaire or other, probably Mr. Otto H. Kahn, backed Mr. Morris Gest in his other dramatic adventures. It is sincerely to be hoped that this or some similar support is with him now. I would suggest that the best way, in the long run, that this support could be applied would be to arrange performances of the Russian players at the Jolson Theatre for mornings or afternoons, so that the audiences could be made up wholly or mostly of our native actors and actresses. Also of our producers. There are, of course, many exceptions to be made, but on the whole it remains true that nothing is so rare today on our native stage as real acting, genuine players, adequate stage production.

M. W.

## *Wise-Crackers*

THERE is every evidence in Mr. Gilbert Seldes's "The Wise-Crackers" given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre that the play was conceived and carried out as a satire on the group whom the reading public has grown used to lumping together under the comprehensive title "colyumists" with every intention in the mis-spelling. The colyumists are a fairly arrived and jubilant lot. Like Touchstone, they ask only to be put in motley that they may speak their minds. Like Dickens's Mrs. Wititterly, they express a vast number of views on an infinite number of subjects. The result is a rich vein of personality running through the columns of the impersonal press. Sophisticated souls, with a relish, real or assumed, for the daily pageant, the colyumists form a sort of liaison between the heavy thinker and the Babbitt. They overlay crude facts with a reconciling deposit of whimsicality. They are the gents who condescend to an interest in the fight for the baseball pennant and who deliver the aesthetic message of Charles Chaplin. They are the most public of all public men. Into the great business of selling themselves everything has been impressed, and the admirer who cannot reconstitute his daily life from their daily offerings writes himself down an unworthy and inattentive follower.

In high spirits, but in uneven fashion, Mr. Seldes tells us what the life of the wife of one of these victims to public curiosity is apt to be. Tony Cooper is a popular editorial writer and colyumist whose "wise cracks" have accumulated for him a host of admiring friends of both sexes. Anne "Cooper," addressed here and there through the play as "Anne quote Cooper" is the lively and intelligent wife whom he has acquired on the platform of the Eiffel Tower. The pair live, move and have their being in a welter of satellites, flappers, unattached wives, literary males caught between one unconclusive sentimental affair and another—noctambules who swing a wicked cocktail elbow, and from whose vagrant comments on men and matters Tony sucks the inspiration for his daily quota. Life has gone a little flat for both husband and wife. Its day-to-day quality is wearing on Tony's invention, and Anne is hungering for a speech that has not the aroma of an unedited epigram. The break comes after a peculiarly exasperating party, when a mattress-manufacturing brother on a visit to New York becomes spokesman for the eternal verities. The mend comes at an elaborate party which Tony gives to celebrate his freedom. "Wise cracks" degenerate into personalities between the loyal and invading wife and false friends whose watchful eyes have detected a falling off in the Cooper quality. A sea of domestic detail engulfs the last scene, and to one at least among the audience there was a strong reminiscent flavor of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" in its main incident.

The satire, to bite home, demanded brilliant lines with which Mr. Seldes has not furnished his character. The dialogue may be, it is true, intended as a sacrifice to realism but, if so, there seems no reason why the audience should be involved in Mr. Seldes's ascetic intention. The most memorable "wise cracks" one carries away are a few arabesques on the mattress trade whose tenor may be guessed, and advice to a lovelorn but impecunious couple to dispense with the services of City Hall and "write to Beatrice Fairfax." The New York Times has some reason to complain of liberties taken with its office routine.

Miss Mona Kingsley, as Anne, reveals herself afresh a graceful and sympathetic actress, with a noticeably quiet but intense method in getting her lines across. But not all the imagination in the world, aided by good looks, and a resonant voice will

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reconcile one reviewer to the association of Mr. Russell Hicks with any notion of intellectuality, even of the most current and shallow sort.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is a very home-like and handsome little house. The scale of its stage seems unsuited to plays involving large casts. But when it settles down to the intimate drama which we are promised in the near future, it should prove a welcome addition to the smaller houses from which we are growing more and more used to expect the vital and uncarpentered style of drama.

H. L. S.

### *Healthy Fun*

FRESH from London, where it has had a phenomenal run of a year at the Apollo Theatre, the revue of By the Way opened on Monday night at the Gaiety Theatre. It was a really refreshing experience to New York theatre-goers to meet again in the work of Mr. Jack Hurlbert and Cicely Courtneidge the self-same charm that brought The Gaiety Girl and other successful English productions to such favor. Mr. Hurlbert is of the very best school of English humorists and Miss Courtneidge revealed herself as a remarkably clever comedienne who is destined to set the New York theatre world agog with the advent of a new star on its horizon.

By the Way is a clever and irresponsible skit on the times, done in a fashion now and then so British as to confuse our audiences but again in a way to create roars of laughter and general applause. The dancing and singing are in the best style of rendition with which the London stage has supplied us all too little in late years. The scene between Mr. French as the handsome young invalid and Miss Courtneidge, the sophisticated trained nurse, is something that will make New York sit up and take notice. There is a quality of reserve and correctness about the whole revue that will please those in our audiences who have felt that our musical comedy producers have begun to go too far in their physical audacities. We anticipate a successful season for these English players.

T. W.

### *In Selecting Your Plays*

*Androcles and the Lion*—Shaw at his best—and worst.
*Arms and the Man*—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
*Craig's Wife*—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
*Dearest Enemy*—A musical comedy of Revolutionary New York.
*Easy Come, Easy Go*—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
*In a Garden*—Laurette Taylor struggles with a farrago of artificiality.
*Is Zat So?*—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
*Princess Flavia*—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
*The Butter and Egg Man*—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
*The Enemy*—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
*The Fountain*—Eugene O'Neill's romance of the great eternal youth.
*The Green Hat*—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
*The New Charlot Review*—You can save money by not going.
*The Poor Nut*—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
*The Vortex*—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
*Young Blood*—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
*Young Woodley*—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

# BOOKS

*Development of Our Knowledge of Tuberculosis, by Lawrence F. Flick. Philadelphia: $7.50.*

WHILE in our generation consumption has ceased to be, in Defoe's picturesque phrase, "the captain of the men of death," being exceeded in mortality by pneumonia, it is still the second greatest factor in mortality. Undoubtedly, well directed efforts in the immediate future, can further lessen its fatality, yet nevertheless it constitutes at present our most important disease problem. It is now known that the hereditary element in it is quite negligible, and that its spread is almost entirely a matter of contagion. Instead of being a fatal malady, as was formerly thought, it is really, under favorable conditions, one of the most curable of diseases; and in spite of the fact that practically every human being has a trace of it, the death rate, in comparison with the whole number of the affected, is quite low. What is needed above all, is the courage to face the disease, for experts in tuberculosis hold almost as a maxim that "tuberculosis takes only the quitters." Only those who will not do what is necessary when it is necessary, succumb to the disease.

Probably no one in this country could have taken up more appropriately the task of collecting the available information of the development of our knowledge of tuberculosis than Dr. Flick. In his early years his life was despaired of, due to the advancing character of lung tuberculosis. Fighting his way through to health and strength that have served to make him an active worker in many lines besides medicine, and accomplishing much good, he has faced the problems of tuberculosis all his life. With the exception of Dr. Trudeau, Dr. Flick, more than any other, has helped to organize the successful open-air treatment for tuberculosis in America and has solved many of the questions connected with that magnificent advance in modern medicine.

Probably, for the non-medical reader, the most interesting chapter of this volume is that which gives the record of the development of our knowledge of the contagiousness of tuberculosis. It is easy to understand that the idea that the disease was heriditary came to be accepted, since the affection ran in families and very often several of the children, and sometimes one or both parents, suffered from the disease at the same time or within a few years of each other. Until the discovery of microbes, the thought of contagion was not very concrete. It was so vague that it carried none of the weight it should have had.

Curiously enough, the first people among whom the idea of contagion gained a foothold, were the Spanish. We are so accustomed to think of Spain as backward in matters of science that it is all the more surprising to learn that during the first half of the eighteenth century—nearly a century and a half before the rest of the world accepted the idea—Spanish physicians reached the conclusion that tuberculosis was contagious, and they were able to persuade the government to assume the task of its prevention. Just after the middle of the eighteenth century, laws were passed requiring the destruction of clothing and other materials "susceptible of contamination." The plaster of houses had to be torn out and renewed, and wooden doors and windows replaced by new ones, the old ones being burned.

Because of the intimate political relations between Spain and Naples, similar laws were passed for the south of Italy and Sicily—the Two Sicilies, as they were called. From here the

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doctrine of tuberculous contagion passed to the north of Italy, and the chief physician of Venice persuaded the magistracy of that city to introduce sanitary measures for its prevention. The foremost physician of Rome, Saliceto, in 1784, published in Perugia a volume on the contagiousness of consumption, with an epigram from Rousseau—"Men mutually poison each other by crowding together." Americans who went to Italy in the hope of regaining their health when suffering from consumption, and who were brought in contact with the legal regulations regarding the disease, proclaimed the Italians a barbarous people for the trouble they inflicted upon unfortunate victims of the affection. William Seton, the husband of Mother Seton, who, as a widow, founded the order of the Sisters of Charity in this country, died of tuberculosis in Italy, and his wife was very much perturbed over the precautions taken, which included wholesale destruction of his belongings. A similar protesting spirit possessed George Sand when she brought poor Chopin down to Majorca. The health regulations of the Spanish authorities seemed to her an absolutely unwarranted intrusion on personal rights.

It is difficult to understand after the thorough-going application of this policy, why the idea of the contagiousness of the disease gradually disappeared during the nineteenth century, and had to be renewed at the beginning of our generation. Dr. Flick has doubtless found special satisfaction in the eighteenth-century teaching of the contagiousness of consumption, for toward the end of the nineteenth century, he was one of the leaders to reintroduce in this country the theory of house contagion. He made a careful survey of one of the slum districts of Philadelphia, and pointed out that in certain houses deaths from tuberculosis kept occurring constantly. After one or more of them, a family would move out of the house and another family, in whom so far no tuberculosis had been noted, would move in, and the disease would immediately develop among its members.

After the question of the contagion of tuberculosis, the most important development has come with regard to the treatment of the disease. There have been many ups and downs in this matter, and the one successful treatment that has proved helpful at any period is fresh air and good food. Galen suggested that milk was particularly useful as a means of restoring health to persons suffering with ulcers on the lungs. There is a very old tradition that one of the Greek physicians, perhaps Hippocrates, said to a young friend suffering from tuberculosis—"Buy a cow and go off into the mountains." That formula very nearly sums up the most important phase of our modern treatment of tuberculosis.

But men were not satisfied with this slow and indirect treatment of tuberculosis. The result was the introduction once or oftener in each generation, of some new forms of treatment. Always they produced some amelioration of symptoms in certain patients, and often they actually seemed to bring about the arrest of the disease.

Dr. Flick's volume on tuberculosis is not only a contribution to medical literature, but also to the social history of mankind. It illustrates admirably the tendency of men to accept theories of various kinds. Above all, it shows how novelties in therapeutics are apparently beneficial at first, only to reveal after a while that whatever of good effect there was, was mental and not physical. Great harm was done often to the patients because they failed to care properly for their physical beings. This is quite as true in our supposedly enlightened day as it was in the past. Education, indeed, only seems to have made men more susceptible to suggestion. Dr. Flick's book forms an invaluable background for the continued progress of our crusade against the White Plague. So much has been accomplished in a single generation that the eradication of the disease seems to lie very near, and even Dr. Flick himself thinks that we should begin to plan for the time when our tuberculosis sanatoria may be used as sanatoria for nervous patients.

JAMES J. WALSH.

*A Selection from the Poems of Michael Field, arranged and prefaced by T. Sturge Moore. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.*

WHEN British readers of the early 'eighties discovered that the author of a certain poetic drama was not the glorious male that it had imagined, no male at all, in fact, but two spinsters, aunt and niece, writing under the pseudonym of Michael Field, the praise that it had begun to bestow, quietly ceased. Not even the robust enthusiasm of Browning could avail to win for these masqueraders the attention their work merited.

But Miss Katherine Harris Bradley and Miss Edith Emma Cooper, for these were the ladies' names, did not cease to write or to publish because of contemporary neglect. Instead, they closed the door upon this neglect and the general drab Victorian setting and gave themselves unstintingly to the composition of plays and of lyrics and sonnets, which in collection amounted to eight volumes.

> "It was deep April, and the morn
> Shakespeare was born;
> The world was on us pressing sore,
> My Love and I took hand and swore
> Against the world, to be
> Poets and lovers ever more."

For they had their devotion to each other, their love for the dog, Whym Chow, and a modest but sufficient income from a tobacco factory in Birmingham. Their tower of ivory was a little house on the river near Richmond. Here they admitted to their presence a few kindred spirits and pitched the plane of their living on rare and Parnassian heights.

What is the quality of this poetic activity of which they gave the world in such abundance? Mr. Moore has presented us with a generous and varied assortment, even including excerpts from the plays. In the first place, it is a quality of poetry unadulterated with other elements, of a mood of rapture sustained on the wings of exquisite fancy. Secondly, it is a quality that is vivid, sharp, electric; vigorous and active as well as tender and contemplative. It cannot be said that these verses are particularly feminine. They do not so impress one and might easily pass as the work of a man. The love lyrics, the celebrations of friendships and passionate attachments, are the best.

Among these is The Miracle the poem, perhaps, that the reader will remember the longest after he has put the volume aside. It is "popular" in the best sense and Logan Pearsall Smith calls it "the prettiest poem on shopping in our language."

> "How gladly I would give
> My life to her who would not care to live
> If I should die!
> 'Death, when thou passest by,
> Take us together,' so I sigh,

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Praying and sighing through the London Streets
While my heart beats
To do some miracle, when suddenly
At curve of Regent Circus I espy,
Set 'mid a jeweler's trays of spangle-glitter,
A tiny metal insect-pin, a fly.
This utter trifle for my love I buy,
And thinking of it on her breast,
My heart has rest."

But The Miracle is modern in conception and phrasing, and Michael Field was a classicist as well as a romanticist. "He" knew the Greek feeling for life and the Greek restraint of expression and could turn as precise and as finished a quatrain as Waller or Landor. Consider Eros, for example—

"Ah, Eros does not always smite
With cruel, shining dart,
Whose bitter point with sudden might
Rends the unhappy heart—

"O'er it sometimes the boy will deign
Sweep the shaft's feathered end;
And friendship rises without pain
Where the white plumes descend."

Not all of the selections make as easy reading as the foregoing quotations. Often the lines suffer from being overcrowded with thought, which means that there is no "thin" matter here, no mere space tricked out with pretty figures. Yet these authors had an affection for imagery and the beautiful word for its own sake. They had journeyed far in their reading; their minds were well stored with alien treasures. And these were as so many ornaments or toys to hang upon the branches of their fecund imaginations. Of the dramas it is a little difficult to speak; the excerpts are too brief. But apparently they run the gamut of the most morbid emotions known to the human breast and are reminiscent of the "horror plays" of Webster and Ford.

No review of this twain can be complete without separate mention of Whym Chow. This pet was the inspiration for some of the most touching lines ever addressed to canine, and it appears that it was his untimely taking off—by chloroform and at the hands of his mistresses—that was one of the important causes in Michael Field's conversion to Catholicism. The religious poetry, which followed upon this event, records rapt and mystical experiences. Nimis Honorati Sunt is a moving salutation to the Lord of the Eucharist, and The Descent from the Cross is a fiery espousal of the discipline of pain. But on the whole, these devotional lyrics do not measure up to the high mark established elsewhere in the collection. Christianity has been adopted but without the discarding of pagan symbols and the result is a combination tending to be only decorative and bizarre.

Miss Cooper died of cancer in 1913. Miss Bradley, who was suffering from the same affliction but had concealed it from her "fellow," succumbed a few years later. Thus passed all that was mortal of Michael Field. Humanly speaking, they were two eccentric old maids who wrote poetry which few persons cared to read. By an evaluation less ephemeral, they become one of the most arresting cases in literary history. For here were two hearts beating as one, two talents, not merely collaborating, but fused into a single genius, which will burn for all time with the "hard and gem-like flame" of exalted achievement.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

*Pearl, by Sister M. Madeleva. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.*

SISTER MADELEVA'S industrious book is an attempt to reinterpret the fourteenth century poem, The Pearl, in terms of religious and mystical experience. She visualizes her author as a man who is suffering from spiritual melancholy—the "dryness" so frequently mentioned by holy writers and compared by them to various concrete forms of desolation. Then, for his solace, he is afforded a vision of his own soul, to which he applies the figures of "pearl," "maiden," and so forth, and is given some excellent spiritual counsel. "He is speaking," says Sister Madeleva, "indeed, to a dream-child, but this child is not the ghost of a dead infant. It is the personification of his own soul in the state of such potential perfection and happiness as is congruous to it at this time of his life." Therefore, the author was in all likelihood, a religious with a temper of mind much the same as that of Thomas à Kempis. It is impossible to mention here the stages of the excellent, detailed analysis by means of which Sister Madeleva fortifies her position. She introduces a great many parallels from fourteenth century mystical writers of every sort, and skilfully weaves in evidence derived from her own experience as a religious. No scholar interested in the controversy which has grown up around the poem can afford to overlook what her book offers in the way of constructive criticism of the theories advanced so far. The average reader probably will ask two questions: Is Sister Madeleva's interpretation acceptable? Is her work of value?

Certainly her analysis is superior to the father-child elegy construction that met with such wide acceptance. But one is not convinced that either interpretation is final. To begin with, a certain modern tendency to read mediaeval allegory as a wholly subjective reflection has led to many very doubtful conclusions. People have used Sister Medeleva's method to prove that Beatrice—Dante's Beatrice—is only a symbol; and they have uttered many oddities about mediaeval architecture. It seems that no valid reason exists for entirely eliminating concrete human beings from old poems when they may have been the real starting-point for the writer's meditation. Why must The Pearl necessarily have been a child? Why not a young woman, mourned as Dante mourns his beloved, and used as a step towards the more perfect affection which exists in the union with God? One passage in the poem rebuts such a theory, but, after all, it is a vague and accidental passage of two lines much easier to explain away than much in the Divine Comedy. When Sister Madeleva quotes from Professor Kurtz as saying that The Pearl is a "little Divine Comedy," she also leads the reader to wish she had explored the Dante parallel more fully. The reflection of the great Florentine was strong upon some aspects of fourteenth century verse—surely stronger than the reflection of Suso or Tauler.

But, although we need not pledge ourselves to accept Sister Madeleva's immediate point, we cannot avoid doing homage to her really splendid achievement in dealing with some characteristics of fourteenth century life. What is needed badly is a good study of this century in England, made by a careful investigator who shall disentangle and reconstruct from extant data a vision of the period which will be serviceable to a wide reading class. Many fine religious poems and works of the time of Richard Rolle and Chaucer have not so much as been reprinted and translated; others are very poorly understood. It seems that Sister Madeleva is the person to undertake this great task: first, because she herself is a poet of rare fineness, and secondly, because she has learned by contact the importance of scholarly

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endeavor. Most of us will wish that her poetry will not altogether disappear under the bushel of research—a danger suggested to some extent by her present book—but we shall be very grateful for the research. The Pearl is hard to place because the fourteenth century remains such a misty and bewildering territory. You are never sure that the light you see may not prove a will-o'-the-wisp.

This book, so inspiringly earnest and so lofty in character, permits a few rather distressing details to flutter among its pages. One simply can't help wishing they had been picked out, like so many bad stitches. To begin with, is it not quite true—is it not the whole meaning of St. Francis's Third Order—that fathers and mothers and lovers may give their ordinary experiences a high mystical interpretation? Might not Patmore have come near to writing The Pearl? But it is probably better to conclude with a point stressed by this sentence from Sister Madeleva's book—"Even the great rationalist, Thomas Aquinas put aside his last work incomplete because he said he had seen in union with God, things that made all his reasoning seem slight and poor." The same statement was made in the same way, not long ago, by a Quaker mystic. Well, the point rests upon an extract from Plümmer's book, which is not necessarily de fide. But the authentic Plümmer text suggests a wholly different meaning from what is implied in the sentence under consideration here; and it also calls our attention to the fact that the Church has been much more ready to vouch for St. Thomas's foretaste of the Beatific Vision than for Tauler's, by way of example. At any rate the text does not make a rationalist of St. Thomas—of him in whose writing the intuitions of grace always had an honored place, and who differed from his lesser companions chiefly in that he had an abiding sense of form. Such matters are important because gradually, as they are tossed from person to person, they finally turn into truisms. They are worth noting here because Sister Madeleva's work, one of the brilliant studies of the year, is deserving of more careful criticism. Let us hope it will be read in ever so many places where there is need of deeper concern with the real life of an era which never wandered far from the shadow of the Fathers.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

*London, by Sidney Dark, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.*

LONDON has undergone three great periods of demolition during the past hundred years. The first, dating from about 1830, or the beginning of the railroad era, synchronized with the abandonment of the old city limits for the suburbs, as a place of residence. Lasting until about 1860, it gave us the city American visitors know; the city of drab stone office buildings threaded with immense corridors, and with iron stairways amid which elevators have had somehow or another to be fitted.

The devastation was sweeping, but when it was over, survivals might be counted. In many a quiet court and square off the main arteries, old Georgian mansions that had once been stately civic homes were to be found by the sentimental pilgrim, in one or two cases even with their gardens intact. And there were always the Wren churches, packed with mural monuments of a quaint past and with the carvings of Grinling Gibbons as an aesthetic joy. To a small boy, holding the hand of an antiquarian father, Sunday in the deserted city became an ineffaceable memory.

The second period set in about the 'nineties when Drury Lane and the old "court end" of London, with all its memories of Steele, Addison, Johnson, not to say of the actors, drabs and highwaymen of the eighteenth century, vanished to make way for Shaftesbury Avenue and Kingsway. The third, by credible reports, is raging now, and threatens to leave not a stone upon a stone of the London that Dickens and Thackeray knew. The greed of the ground landlord spares nothing. As leases expire, old buildings are quite simply torn down, that steel and concrete sky-scrapers may rise in their place. Even the Wren churches are marked for destruction. A visit to London in ten or twenty years' time will be a visit to sites.

Thus it happens that although Joseph Pennell's drawings of London, with letterpress by Sidney Dark, now issued in a popular edition, were made only seventeen years ago, and although the artist is as much alive as any man of his age can be, a large proportion are records of a London that has vanished forever. New Broad Street, the old General post office, Cloth Fair, the gabled houses, dating from before the fire, in Whitechapel, the magnificent homes of the Huguenot settlers in Spitalfields, where royalty was more than once entertained, and more than one of the churches are buildings that will never be looked on again.

We are very lucky to have Mr. Pennell's imaginative etchings and charcoal drawings as a record of their grace and symmetry. Today, about the safest place in which to keep anything that is old and gracious, is in the memory. Mr. Pennell has done far more for us than reproduce architectural detail. The atmosphere that steeps London with its thousand nuances of mist, fog, and smoke has been woven into the texture of each drawing so subtly that to turn them over one by one is not only to tread London's moist pavements but to breathe its murky air.

The letterpress by Mr. Sidney Dark is a worthy accompaniment. Mr. Dark has that excellent equipment for a walking companion, a very decided outlook of his own on men and things, and an intimate knowledge of the byways of history that goes far beyond the information common to guide books. The chapter on the Guildhall is made an occasion to call up from the past the whole busy, comfort-loving, liberty-loving, guzzling, and occasionally splendid life of the city of Pepys, John Wilkes, and John Gilpin. In Piccadilly, we see the wicked old Marquis of Queensbury with one foot in the grave and another not far off, ogling the carriages from his window. Of St. James Street we learn not only the interesting contemporary fact that Mr. Sinclair Lewis walks up and down it once a day in order to "forget so many things that one hates to remember" (Main Street, Zenith and Babbitt no doubt among them), but the equally curious one that Byron, towards the end of his life hovered around conversion to the wise old Church, upon the advice of his friend, Sir Walter Scott! Mr. Dark has a whole-hearted distaste for the Reformation and the reformers, and a noble eulogy for brave (and Blessed) Bishop Fisher: "Old Fisher, bravest of bishops and martyrs, wakened at five to be told he was to be executed at nine, said to the lieutenant: 'Let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept little this night; and yet to tell true, not from any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great weakness and infirmity.'" Marshal Ney treated death as casually, which proves, among other things, that courage is a possession common to camp and cloister. In Fleet Street we meet not only Sam Johnson and Izaak Walton, but a figure hardly less heartening—"Mr. Chesterton one evening reading the proof of his Daily News article under a Fleet Street lamp-

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post, and chortling with great glee at his own jokes."

To read Sidney Dark's London, looking from time to time upon Pennell's drawings, is to mount Aladdin's magic carpet, descend beside St. Paul's and recapture all the smoky, arrogant old city's charm at the expense of two hours' reading.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

*The Rise of the Spanish Empire, Volume III, by Roger Bigelow Merriman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.50.*

*A Short History of Spain, by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston: Little Brown and Company. $3.50.*

*An Introduction to Spanish Literature, by George Tyler Northrup. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.00.*

SEVEN years have elapsed since the publication of the first two volumes of Professor R. B. Merriman's Rise of the Spanish Empire, but the delay is amply compensated for in the opportunity it has given the author to consult the valuable material on the period of Charles V, which has been presented in such works as Sanchez Alonso's Fuentes de la Historia Española and Ballester y Castell's Bibliografia de la Historia de España.

These, with other valuable historical publications on the reign of the Emperor Charles V, are followed by a study of conditions in Spain in the New World. Professor Merriman understands the historical methods of touching deftly on the high spots and the significant details in events without lingering too long over their antecedents or consequences. The initial colonization and exploration are handled in an able manner, with a cautious deliberation of statement on the difficult questions of the Church and the Empire and the struggles over the control of the Council of Trent.

In A Short History of Spain, Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick presents "an honest book, intended for the ignorant and the indolent, for passengers in steamer chairs bound on their first voyage to Vigo or Barcelona, for freshmen or sixth-formers that wish to learn, with the least expenditure of effort, whether or not Spanish literature is likely to be worth such attention as they can spare from football and social pleasures."

It is to such appetites that Mr. Sedgwick caters in what, in spite of his modesty, is really a traveler's handbook; an excellent handbook, be it said, written with enthusiasm and in a charming, cultivated manner. Greece, Italy, and Spain have flamed and died from their thrones among the older civilizations of the world; Mr. Sedgwick is well advised to refrain in such a book from discussing the causes of this success and failure. There are many readers waiting his views on the art and beauty of Spain and but few minds capable of approaching the more serious questions of national and racial rise and decline. We may estimate Mr. Sedgwick's references to the Church from his statement that "the functions of this original Inquisition were never, as I understand, very clearly distinguished from a bishop's regular duties"—when the very contrary should have been his assertion. On literature, Mr. Sedgwick is a safer guide, giving an appreciative outline to the best poetry and prose authors of a really glowing development. His Short History is a book in general to be highly recommended with a few provisos regarding his religious views.

Professor George Tyler Northrup of the University of Chicago approaches his Introduction to Spanish Literature in an able attempt "to present a picture of it as a whole, stressing the evolution and development of its great genres and, when possible, grouping authors in their respective schools. This is the work of a scholar who possesses the proper veneration for a great subject, the proper knowledge to present its facts, and the cultivated taste to weigh its merits and apportion its crowns.

The general course of Spanish literature has been well delineated by many authors since the seal of greatness was put upon it by George Ticknor, and Professor Northrup brings a fine discretion and a contagious enthusiasm to his task of gracious presentation of the subject. The reader will be especially grateful to him for some excellent chapters on the nineteenth century regional novel; criticism, erudition, philosophy, history and oratory during the nineteenth century; post romantic poets of the nineteenth century; and the generation of 1898 and other recent writers. The brief characterizations and estimates of Gregorio Martínez Sierra, Pio Baroja, Ramón Maria del Valle Inclán, Ramón Pérez de Ayala, Ricardo Leon, and Concha Espina, are in general trustworthy, although the latter seems to call for more praise than he gives her and he seems exaggerated in his estimate of Miguel de Unamuno. The book is a valuable contribution to the Hispanic cause.

THOMAS WALSH.

*The Poetry Cure, by Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.*

THIS is an age of ills, bodily and mental, not to say spiritual: it is characterized by many cures and patent medicines, ranging from Christian Science, to the Keeley Cure. Robert Haven Schauffler is therefore timely with his pocket medicine chest of verse, and honest enough to quote from Robert Graves that poetry "may be used as much for prevention as cure."

The curative properties of music and recitation are as old at least as David in the tent of Saul: it is a novel presentment, however, that ranges our poets with the physicians and surgeons, the allopaths and homeopaths, the psychoanalysts, osteopaths and chiropractors, who reign so numerously on our side streets. In a day when so many of our poets would seem to rival the quacks, the old Doctor Joneses and Doctor Brownes, who kill and corrupt while they hold their offices open, one must welcome the pure product of the anthologist to a place beside the Book of Household Medicine for the great work of man's perfection here below.

Mr. Schauffler has had a vision of these conditions, as he shows in his Directions Before Using—

"Evade the blasé or grouchy bard who infests the foothills of Parnassus, as though he had developed a new kind of contagious paralysis. Hasten from the empested frivolity of the Pollyanna optimist as though he had the laughing sickness. How often do I tremble for the unwary when I see him turned loose in such a vast medical pharmacy as The Home Book of Verse."

The attitude of the anthologist is frivolous and his practice not always in accord with that of the old family practitioner. There are here and there delightful potions, sugared tablets and tasty pick-me-ups. Mr. Schauffler can also distribute the bread-pills and warm water solutions, that are said to be profitable in many advanced cases of selfishness and imaginative illnesses. The Don't-Worry books are frequently suggested among his soothing syrups of song.

Altogether, Mr. Schauffler has carried out this clever scheme remarkably well; and his book is a decidedly amusing specimen of literature.

T. C.

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## THE QUIET CORNER

*I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.

"New Year's Day without eggnog is no holiday," murmured the Doctor sadly. "How well I recall the jovial—"

"Do you really?" interrupted Miss Anonymoncule interestedly. "Now that proves that the pre-twentieth century book of etiquette I found not long ago, was entirely wrong. It states that 'the serving of intoxicating beverages such as eggnog at New Year's receptions is entirely out-moded.'"

"Stuff and nonsense," growled the Doctor, "eggnog only flew out of the window when prohibition entered the door, alas! Still there are evidences that at least a few people now enjoy New Year's Day in something of the old jovial manner—though how they do is a mystery to me," he added innocently.

"Are there really evidences?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"Only indirect—but still fairly convincing," said the Doctor. "Of course I dislike implying anything about my friends. Let me read you, instead, an account of Cyril B. Egan's New Year's Eve dream which he has just sent me." The Doctor began—

"'I have never seen such a wonderful New Year's Eve, and never do I expect to see its like again. Ecstasy—that is the word for it. The whole world seemed to have gone happily mad. From six o'clock to one minute of twelve, had seemed but one holy and glorious cocktail hour, for the people had become as children again. They romped and they played; they danced and they sang. Upon that momentous night and that night of a moment, from six to one minute of twelve, all roads led to the dome—to the mammoth bronze dome at the top of the broadest building, topped again by the biggest radiolite clock in the whole wide world. Tick, tock!

"'At one minute of twelve, for blocks around the giant clock, the city held its breath. Up and up the people gazed at the radiant dome, and there was in their faces the expectancy of folk who seek for a fairy in the flames of a hearth-fire; the tender glow of lovers who have looked yet not kissed under kindly light of candles.

"'When should the next tick sound? For blocks and blocks, and miles and miles, from the city centre to the outermost suburb that vibrated to the civic time, something strange had happened. It was as if time had stopped. It was as if the air around them had genially frozen—as if the city were suspended in the static waters of eternity. Upon the stage, a dancer paused tip-toe—it seemed for an age. Aeons rolled by while a fancy skater delayed the downstroke that would complete his eight—and two lovers who stood at a gate to bid each other farewell forever, forgetful of the pain and mindful only of the sweetness, forever farewelled. It seemed no time, and it seemed all time. It was a taste of heaven and a touch of infinity.

"'Finally, when three or four thousand years had passed, a slight unrest made itself manifest; and from the crowd of clock-watchers in the midst of which I was standing, there went up a good-natured murmur.

"'What can be the matter?' 'This is a slow Old Year. Where can the New Year be?' 'Why don't the clock hands move?' 'Let's not wait for the New Year to come. Let's blow him in. Blow now—hard!'

"'But still the giant minute hand remained unmoved. And then and there I decided to slip quietly through the revelers, into and up the domed building, to the tower of the clock, that I might see what delayed the ultimate tock.

(*Continued on page 252*)

## BRIEFER MENTION

*Adventures in Criticism, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.*

AMONG the numerous literary commentators today, there is no one who has combined discrimination and charm, more delightfully than this Oxford professor. These short papers contributed to The Speaker, have been republished, and make a companion volume to his ingratiating books, On the Art of Writing and On the Art of Reading. It is not to be thought that he deals only in superlatives, appreciations and like kindnesses. He has made criticism an adventure without sacrificing soundness. Behind his lightness, urbanity, impressionism, is the active working of the historical method. The present volumes ranges from the Elizabethans—from the lyrical Daniel—to the quite modern George Moore. There are several intense and sane examinations of the essence of poetry in the different periods.

*Collected Works of John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $12.00.*

A FINE edition of the collected works in prose and verse by John Masefield presents the sum total of the poet's writings in a permanent and handy form. From the Salt Water Ballads written before 1913, down to his latest narrative poems and lyrics, published in 1925, the poet in John Masefield has survived, fresh and graphic as in the beginning. This edition will prove a valuable item for any library pretending to represent the best poetry of England and America.

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*Marist Seminary, Washington, D. C. Formerly Professor of Theology in Marist College, and Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans.*

This book dissipates many of the myths and legends which have grown up in Catholic historical circles pertaining to how well the immigrational growth of the Church in the past century has kept pace with the steady stream of newcomers. Various other problems are discussed at length, including special attention to the problem of "leakage." **Price $2.50**

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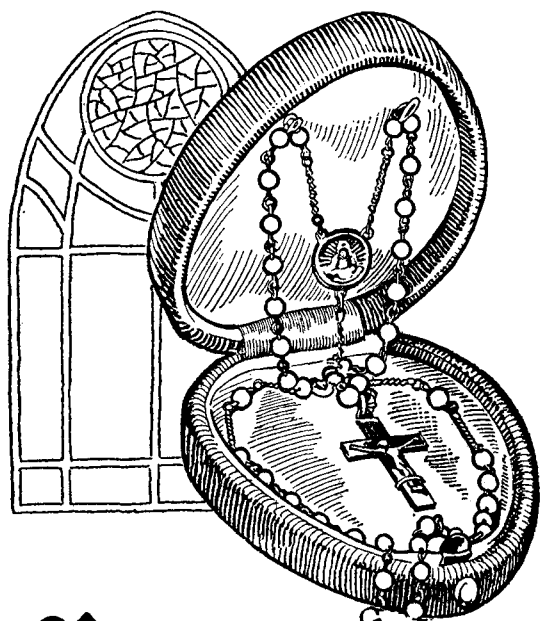

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"'But I found no one. No one in the building, no one in the clock tower, not even the keeper of the tower did I see, until I climbed out onto the ledge in front of the clock.

"'I looked above me; and there, old enough to be dead a thousand years, with only the fanatical blaze in his eyes to betoken the flame of youth within, I could see the ancient horologe, tugging upon the great minute hand with his skinny right fist.

"'Whoopee!' he cried, as with his other hand he waved on high a magnum of champagne. 'Happy Old Year!'

"'Clock-keeper,' I shouted, straining my voice to arrest his attention, and popping my eyes to see him the better. He was such a little man that it was hard to make him out clearly. 'What are you doing up there? Don't you know that you have been holding back the New Year for these last three centuries or so?'

"'He looked down for the first time; and seemed pleasantly surprised to see me.

"'Whoopee!' he greeted. 'Happy Old Year!'

"'Happy *New* Year,' I barked back. 'Let's have it—new and now. And why not, I would like to know?'

"'The clock-keeper took another swig of his bottle; and dangling with less of physical vigor and more of philosophic calm from his minute hand, responded dreamily—

"'What is New Year?' said he, his voice sinking to the sepulchral bass of one who has just wakened from the deepest slumber. ''Tis a brown taste in the mouth, a katzenjammer in the head, a bromo-seltzer aftermath, a bicarbonate beginning, an arbitrary division of time, a day for Puritans, a period of melancholy, an interrogation point of painful resolution-making, a pre-catalogous colon of work to be done. O, dreary preface, not so much to be skipped nor omitted, as to be stubbornly combatted and forestalled. Unhappy New Year!'

"'But—hee-hee! On the contrary;' his voice rose in a spritely cackle, 'what is Old Year?' And now though his right hand relinquished not its grasp, his body bobbed up and down like an antique jumping jack to the chant of an answer—

> "'The top of the cream, the cream of the jest,
> The joke of the work that is ended!
> The hard race is run, the laurels are won,
> O, poke fun at work that is ended!'

"'Don't you know, good sir,' he roared at me upon the close of his song, 'that I am no longer the Treasurer of Time?' I am, instead, Keeper of the Golden Moment; and my motto is—Watch Not the Clock. Happy Old Year! Happy—'

"'But suddenly from the streets below there arose the interrupting countercry, 'Happy New Year!' And the sound as of a million horns blown at once by all the citizens from the City Hall to the outermost suburb. Heavens, what a blast! So strong, it blew me against the face of the time-piece; and yet I retained enough presence of mind to look above and behold the Keeper of the Golden Moment—his bottle gone—tugging upon the minute hand with all the fury of his bony arms.

"'Tock! went the clock, as up went the minute hand, and up shot the clock-keeper—up, up, and off—God knows where—it must have been into heaven, where he was long overdue.

"'Happy New Year!' bawled the crowd below; but when I had descended once more into the street, I could see in their happiness only the hilarity of hysteria, and in their vaunted newness but another mark of old crowfoot Time.'"

* * *

"I wonder where Cyril got it," pondered Dr. Angelicus.

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